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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SLANDERS UPON DR. CHEEVER AND THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

From The Independent.

THE Church of the Puritans and their eminent pastor seem to be marked as victims of slander. Stories the most unfounded and incredible respecting the financial and moral condition of the Church, and its relations to its pastor, are manufactured either by ignorance or by malice and sent abroad upon the wings of the wind. The latest *canard* of this sort has reached us by way of London. In *The Anti-Slavery Advocate* (London) for May, 1859, we find a letter from Mr. F. W. Chesson, from which we make a few extracts.

"*To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

"DEAR SIR: I would beg the favor of a corner in *The Advocate*, to make your readers acquainted with an anti-slavery mission to this country in which they cannot fail to take a lively interest. It is well known, at least to them, that Rev. Dr. Cheever of New York, by the noble stand which he has taken upon the slavery question, and especially by the apostolic fidelity with which he has waged war against slavery from his own pulpit, has provoked serious dissensions in his church. It may not be equally well known that at one time these dissensions nearly ended in his own expulsion, that he now holds his office by a very precarious majority, and that nearly all the wealthy members of his congregation have withdrawn from his church their pecuniary support. The result is, that the income of the church from pew rents and other sources has greatly diminished, and that the majority, still a very narrow one, is compelled to assume a responsibility which they are ill able to bear, and which their co-religionists in New York and elsewhere manifest but little disposition to share with them. Under these circumstances, Dr. Cheever appeals to the 'Christian Churches of Great Britain and Ireland' for assistance. As he is unable to visit Great Britain to plead his own cause, Miss Johnstone, a member of his Church, and a lady of earnest and indefatigable spirit, has come over to act in some measure as his representative. Her object is to obtain such assistance as will enable the church of the Puritans to hold its ground, and to provide it with a fund that shall be secured in perpetuity to the church only on condition of its remaining faithful to its present principles. I confess that, with every disposition to hope for the best, I have some fear as to the result of an appeal to the British churches. The Churches have of late manifested no interest in the anti-slavery cause. On the contrary, they have received with open arms men like Dr. Pomroy, whose influence is employed to support the pro-slavery religious institutions of America."

Who Miss Johnstone may be, we have no means of knowing. When Phœbe was sent from Cenchrea to Rome, as a servant of the Church, Paul wrote to the brethren there a letter of commendation, exhorting them to receive her in the Lord, and to assist her in whatever business she had need of. It therefore accords with apostolic precedent that a Church should send a Christian woman as its messenger to other Churches. But we can not learn that the *Church* of the Puritans in this city has sent Miss Johnstone upon any errand to England; and we think the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society have done well in asking Miss Johnstone for "detailed information respecting the circumstances in which Dr. Cheever's Church is placed, and the precise disposition which is intended to be made of any funds that may be raised in its behalf."

Whoever may be responsible for Miss Johnstone's mission, we regard these statements of Mr. Chesson as a public scandal, and a slander upon Dr. Cheever and his Church. We will not believe that either Dr. Cheever or his Church have so far lost their self-respect as to make this humiliating appeal to England for assistance. It is a slander upon Dr. Cheever to say that, with all his genius, and eloquence, and fidelity, he is not able to sustain himself in a Church to which he has so ably ministered for ten years, but is obliged to send "a lady of earnest and indefatigable spirit" over to England to act "as his representative" in begging money for his support! It is a slander upon a Church which, in the short space of three months gave its pastor $1,000 as a testimony to his fidelity, paid off an accidental debt of $3,500, contributed $3,000 to the Congregational Union, beside several hundreds of dollars to other objects of benevolence, to say that it is not able to sustain its own pastor, whose fidelity it has approved by most decisive votes and measures. The Church of the Puritans has never made any appeal to sister Churches for financial aid; it has not asked its "co-religionists" to share any of its responsibility; on the contrary, it has recently cooperated with the other Congregational Churches of New York and Brooklyn in liberal subscriptions for the Welsh Church in this city, and the Congregational Church in Flushing. It is a shame that an "earnest" woman should be proclaiming to the Christian public in England that such a Church is not able to "hold its ground," and needs a fund to help it support its minister!

If it were proposed that our demonstrative cousins upon the other side of the water should make a testimonial to *Dr.* Cheever personally, that were quite another matter. Should he go to England for three months, he might receive as grand an ovation as did Mrs. Stowe. *Such* a tribute from England, spontaneous and honorable, would have its appropriate moral effect upon this country. But to employ "an earnest and indefatigable" woman to beg in England a sustentation fund!—Dr. Cheever and his Church know that this would be as ridiculous in the eyes of Americans as the other would be honorable.

It is amusing to notice poor Mr. Chesson's blunders in attempting to enlighten the English public as to the facts. He adds:

"I am happy to state that, in the course of a few weeks, a statement of all the facts of the case will arrive from New York, and which, I have no doubt, your readers will be able to obtain in any number they may desire. In the meantime, such of our friends as may have access to recent files of the New York *Tribune*, THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD or *The Liberator*, may obtain from the columns of those journals all the information they can possibly require. No advocate of a great cause could be sustained in a more worthy manner than Dr. Cheever has been by these influential organs of public opinion. Dr. Cheever has found his firmest friends and allies in the ranks of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and I may add, nothing could more conclusively justify the severe censures which this Society has passed on the conduct of the American Churches in regard to the slavery question than the heartless manner in which Dr. Cheever has been treated by the Bacons, the Thompsons, the Beechers and other leading divines of his own denomination. The fact is that the moment your opposition to slavery assumes a really practical form, the anti-slavery sympathies of these men vanish into the air. They may denounce slavery in the abstract as much as you please, but as soon as you make a direct attack upon pro-slavery bodies like the American Board, you are regarded as a disturber of the peace, a defiler of the ark, an enemy of the Church."

This is really amusing. The American Anti-Slavery Society occupied nearly the whole of its sessions in New York and Boston in denouncing Dr. Cheever as wanting in consistency and courage, and fidelity to the cause of the slave. This was the staple of the speeches of Messrs. Garrison, Phillips and Pillsbury, whose certificate *The London Anti-Slavery Advocate* declares to be indispensable to the good standing of any American in the anti-slavery cause. For weeks past THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator* have been filled with diatribes against Dr. Cheever, because he will hold fast his Christian integrity, and will not curse God and die.

We know what "heartless treatment" Dr. Cheever may have received from the Bacons, Thompsons and Beechers. Dr. Bacon has had some friendly controversy with Dr. Cheever about public questions, in which the "manner" of both was "earnest and indefatigable" rather than "heartless." Dr. Thompson had the honor to assist at the very pleasant testimonial to Dr. Cheever, and they are and ever have been in the uninterrupted exchange of fraternal courtesies. Mr. Beecher recently invited Dr. Cheever to occupy his pulpit on the subject of slavery. Yet neither the Beechers nor the Thompsons have a vote in the American Board, while Dr. Cheever is in actual fellowship with it as a *corporate member*, and so a partaker in all its organic sins! It seems to us that there is need of some "earnest and indefatigable" woman at home, to get at "all the facts of the case."

A DIFFERENCE IN NAMES.—*The Tribune* calls Wm. Lloyd Garrison a "renowned philanthropist." We call him a *notorious fanatic*. We do not question the honesty of Mr. Garrison's opinions. Most men are honest in their opinions, but we do not admit that the word "renowned," in its honorable signification, or "philanthropist," applies to an American citizen who disavows his citizenship, who pronounces the Constitution of the United States "a covenant with hell," and who boldly proclaims his object to be the destruction of the Union. We do not think that such a man is to be held up for example or for admiration. We do not believe in that bitter, intrusive and vindictive philanthropy which begins by hating everybody who differs from its wildest demands, and denouncing every institution of government, or religion, or education, that does not accept all its theories and follow it in all its vagaries. If Mr. Garrison is not one of the most dangerous men in the land, it is only because the extreme character of his views and the violence of his modes of expressing them prevent him from having many followers.—*Providence Journal.*

CHURCH SERVICE FOR ABOLITIONISTS.—The Cleveland *Plaindealer* has arranged some verses to the tune of "Old Hundred," to be sung by Joshua Giddings's choir, taking as its subject that gentleman's letter to the Oberlin rescuers. It is as follows:

"In disregarding law, dear Plumb,
The prisoners (of course) did right,
They should have shot or butchered some
Sworn officer that very night.
Those pirates to the colored men
Should have been dirked there on the spot,
Whose blood should teach a lesson *here*,
Not by the government soon forgot."

—*Journal of Commerce.*

Selections.

HUMBOLDT ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

[*The Tribune* has collected from various sources the following expressions of opinion by the late Alexander von Humboldt, on subjects connected with American slavery, presuming that its readers will be glad to have his views on that matter in a connected and convenient form:]

HUMBOLDT'S OPINION OF WEBSTER AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

AN American gentleman, says *The Evening Post* of May 10, 1855, writing home from Berlin under the date of March 24, gives a very interesting account of a visit to the venerable Humboldt, who expressed on that occasion a pretty decided opinion of Mr. Webster and the Fugitive Slave law, and of our national treatment of slavery itself. The passages which we give below from the letter have this morning been placed in our hands for publication:

"We rang, handed the servant our cards, who, after looking at them, showed us through the entry into a little room filled with stuffed birds and minerals. Here we left our great coats, passed through another room filled, museum-like, as the other, and from that into the room where Mr. Humboldt was sitting. He came immediately forward, took our hands, and expressed his pleasure at seeing us, and insisted in seating us on the sofa, while he took an easy chair himself, and sat by the end of it. He began at first to speak in French, but, after having got half way through a sentence, turned into English, which he speaks better than he understands when spoken. He talked rapidly and fluently, and with but a slight accent.

"He began at once to talk of America, of the state of the country when he was there in 1804, and of the leading political men with whom he was then acquainted, particularly of Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, and of how he was every day brought to realize, after the lapse of fifty years, by new and great names in our political, scientific and literary world, and by every sign of existence of our country, how much we had progressed since then. But he said there is one thing in which you stand worse than when I was there, and every honest and intelligent foreigner who can look at it with a knowledge of the matter, and with fairness, will tell you so. For thirty years—for thirty years (and he counted them on his fingers)—you have made no progress about slavery; you have gone backward, very far backward in many respects about that. I think especially of your law of 1850, that law by which a man in a free State, where he ought to be free, can be made a slave of. That I always call the *Webster* law.

"I always before liked Mr. Webster. He was a great man. I knew him, and always till then liked him. But ever after that I hated him. He was the man who made it. If he had wished to prevent it, he could have done it. That is the reason why I call it the Webster law. And ever after that I hated him.

"I made some remarks about Mr. Webster's influence on that point not being confined to a political sphere, but of his also carrying with him that circle of literary men with whom he was connected. Yes, said he, it was he who did it all; and those very men, not connected with politics, who ought to have stood against it, as you say, he moved with it. You came from New England, where there is so much anti-slavery feeling, and where you have learned to think that slavery is bad. While you are here in Europe you may see things which you think bad. But I know Europe, and I tell you that you will find nothing here that is one-half so bad as your slavery, and I know what your slavery is.

"M. Humboldt's personal appearance is very remarkable. He is very small and thin, but for a man of his age (he is now eighty-five), he looks uncommonly well. He wore a large white neckcloth, a curiously colored and figured velvet waistcoat, and a dress coat. Old as he is he still keeps up the habits of his earlier years, sleeps but little, works incessantly, and is fond of society. He is now engaged upon the fourth volume of his Cosmos."

ON THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, who visited Humboldt in August, 1855, wrote at the time from Berlin the following account of the interview:

"This noble and venerable man, though now some years beyond four score, still retains a lively interest in the progress of our country. To every American whom he meets, he speaks of his friends, Jefferson and Gallatin, and laments the change on the question of slavery which has come over our government since their day. He speaks of Webster's last days with expressions of the sincerest and deepest regret; nor does he omit any opportunity to impress upon the minds of Americans the deep moral degradation in which the United States, as a nation, has plunged itself within the last few years. Though an intimate friend of the King, it is said (of course *he* says nothing of this) that the subject of politics and political affairs is never spoken of between them. From the interest with which he watches the development and progress of the republican idea of America, it would seem that politics must indeed be banished from among the subjects which he can discuss with Frederick William. At his request, I showed him on the map the boundaries of the new Territories, Kansas and Nebraska—his map, though recent, dating back beyond the Douglas and Pierce outrage.

"The following passage from a note written soon after reading the account of the opening of the Panama Railroad, I think may be translated for your paper without being considered a breach of the sanctity of private correspondence:

"'The sad debates which have taken place on the extension of the system of slavery have happily offered an opportunity to a few noble souls to speak words of consolation. There is no need of demanding immediately the abolition of slavery, but of gradually introducing mitigations into the present legislation, so that the babe may no longer be sold from the breast. The claim of the President, in his letter to Mr. Soulé, that he believed he had a right to conquer the island of Cuba, when a neighboring state undertook to render its legislation more humane, appears to me to be a most barbarous one.

"'Tastes may differ, but I would rather have the honor of the approbation expressed in these lines of the noble course pursued by Seward, Sumner and Chase than the title of President, which Pierce wears, *so* obtained! The approval of Humboldt is worth that of all the men-stealers and woman-sellers from the Potomac to the boundary of Mexico."

HUMBOLDT'S PROTEST AGAINST THRASHER'S MUTILATIONS OF HIS WORK UPON CUBA.

The subjoined protest was originally communicated to the American public, through *The Tribune*, at the request of its author:

"Under the title of *Essai Politique sur l' Isle de Cuba*, published in Paris in 1826, I collected together all that the large edition of my *Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent* contained upon the state of agriculture and slavery in the Antilles. There appeared at the same time an English and Spanish translation of this work, the latter called *Essayo politico sabre la Isla de Cuba*, neither of which omitted any of the frank and open remarks which feelings of humanity had inspired. But there appears just now, strangely enough, translated from the Spanish translation and not from the French original, and published by Derby and Jackson in New York, an octavo volume of 400 pages under the title of 'The Island of Cuba' by Alexander Humboldt, with notes and a preliminary essay by J. S. Thrasher. The translator, who has lived a long time on that beautiful island, has enriched my work by more recent data on the subject of the numerical standing of the population, of the cultivation of the soil and the state of trade, and, generally speaking, exhibited a charitable moderation in his discussion of conflicting opinions. I owe it, however, to a moral feeling, that is now as lively in me as it was in 1826, publicly to complain that in a work which bears my name, the entire seventh chapter of the Spanish translation with which my *Essai Politique* ended has been arbitrarily omitted. To this very portion of my work I attach greater importance than to any astronomical observations, experiments of magnetic intensity, or statistical statements. I have examined with frankness (I here repeat the words I used thirty years ago) whatever concerns the organization of human society in the colonies, the unequal distinction of the rights and enjoyments of life, and the impending dangers which the wisdom of legislators and the moderation of freemen can avert, whatever may be the form of government.

"It is the duty of the traveller who has been an eye-witness of all that degrades and torments human nature to cause the complaints of the unfortunate to reach those whose duty it is to relieve them. I have repeated in this treatise the fact that the ancient legislation of Spain on the subject of slavery is less inhuman and atrocious than that of the slave States on the American Continent, north or south of the equator.

"A steady advocate as I am of the most unfettered expression of opinion, in speech or in writing, I should never have thought of complaining if I had been attacked on account of my statements; but I do think I am entitled to demand that in the free States of the Continent of America, people should be allowed to read what has been permitted to circulate, from the first year of its appearance, in a Spanish translation.

"ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

"Berlin, July, 1856."

TO EXTEND SLAVERY A CRIME.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* (August, 1856) says:

"Humboldt is no fanatic, but upon the question of property in human blood his Germanic love of justice glows with a depth which he never conceals. I learn from a person who is frequently in his society that he looks upon the attempts now making in the United States to take slavery to the Pacific, through the free Western prairies and across the Rocky Mountains, with an utter abhorrence. 'To attempt to introduce, in 1856, slavery where it does not now exist, Humboldt regards as a crime,' said my informant."

HIS LIFE-LONG TESTIMONY.

Mr. Theodore Parker, of Boston, in a Tribute to the Baron von Humboldt, prepared for delivery at an Anti-Slavery Convention in Massachusetts, on the Fourth of July, 1858, thus sums up the life-long testimony of this great and good man against human bondage. Mr. Parker says:

"But it is not of his diligence, and the learning it accumulates in fourscore years of toil, that I wish to speak today; it is not of his genius for science—at once so modest and so great; rather do I look at his Humanity. I find that in his earliest writings. It comes out also in the last. He is the Friend of Mankind, always on the side of Progress, of Humanity. He takes the side of the Indian in North and South America against his conqueror. He recognises the natural right of the African, and proclaims it in his early books and his most recent letters. Fifty years ago he wrote this: 'The kingdom of New Spain [there was then no Mexican Republic] has a marked advantage over the United States. The number of slaves, whether Africans or of the mixed race, is almost nothing; an advantage which the European colonists did not begin to appreciate until after the tragic events of the Revolution of St. Domingo; so true is it that the fear of physical evils acts more powerfully than moral considerations of the true interests of society, or the principles of philanthropy and of justice, so often declared in Parliament, in the Constituent Assembly, and in the works of philosophers. In the United States, the number of African slaves is more than a million. They are the sixth part of the entire population. The Southern States, whose political influence has become greater since the acquisition of Louisiana, inconsiderately enlarge the number of slaves whom they introduce from year to year. It does not depend on Congress, nor on the Chief of the Confederacy [Mr. Jefferson]—a magistrate whose name is dear to the true friends of humanity—to oppose this increase, and thereby save mankind from great evils for future generations.'—(Essai Politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne, Paris, 1811. Tom. I., p. 221, *et seq.*)

"He calls attention to the fact, that of the thousands of Africans imported into Cuba from 1799 to 1803 (the period of his visit), *seven out of the hundred die every year!*

"When Cortez made his will, he says in it (Article xxxix.), 'It is doubtful whether a Christian, in good conscience, can use as slaves the aborigines made captive in war; and as, up to this time, this important point has never been settled, I command my son, Don Martin, and such after him of his descendants as shall possess my Mayoralty and feudal possessions, to obtain all possible information as to the rights which they can lawfully exercise over the captives.' A strange scruple it seems in such a man; yet Cortez was no vulgar conqueror, but a great man performing the function of a filibuster. The question was referred to the Pope and the Councils. You may guess at the decision! 'Let us confess,' says Mr. Humboldt, 'that three centuries later, notwithstanding the light shed by a more advanced civilization, the rich proprietors in America have not, even at death, so scrupulous a conscience! In our days, it is philosophers, and not devotees, who raise the question, Is it right to hold slaves? But the broader range which philosophy has always had makes me believe it would have been better for suffering humanity if this sort of scepticism had been preserved among the believers! (Tom. II, p. 45) With delight he mentions the Spanish laws which are friendly to the slave, and which open a door for each man to liberate himself; and adds: 'Barbarism is the same in all ages, whenever men give free course to their passions, and when governments tolerate a state of things which is contrary to the laws of nature, and consequently to the welfare of society.' (II., p. 47.)

"He looks with a sorrowful eye on the rich plantations of Cuba. 'However rich and fertile the country may be—the Valley of Grieves, for example—at the south-east of Havana (one of the most delightful situations in the New World), there you see plains carefully planted with sugar-cane and coffee; yet these plains are *watered with the sweat of the African slave! Rural life loses its charms when it is inseparable from the misery of our race!*' (III., p. 7.)

"Here is a story I have never seen in English. It does honor alike to the subject and the narrator: 'The Catholic missionary of San Fernando had led out his Indians to the banks of the Guviare River, on a hostile expedition, which was, properly, only a man-hunt, in violation of the laws of religion and of the Spanish Government. On this unchristian expedition, in an Indian hut, they found a mother with three children—two of the three of tender age. She was busy preparing the Manioc meal; her husband was absent fishing, and she could not withstand the man-hunters and Christian oppressors who forced their way in. The mother sought to escape with her children, but had hardly reached the open plain when she was seized by the man-hunters of the mission, with her children, bound and conducted to the shore. The missionary was sitting in his boat, waiting for the results of the chase, whose perils he had not shared. If the mother had made any violent resistance, she would have been killed by these ruffians; for in these missions everything is allowed for the sake of gaining souls.' So special pains are taken to capture children, in order to bring them up as slaves of the Christians.

"The mother, with her children, was brought to San Fernando, and it was hoped she could not find her way back by land to her home. But the maternal heart longed for those children who were with their father on the day of the capture. In her despair, she made several attempts to escape with the stolen children, but was seized again, unmercifully beaten with whips, and finally separated from her two younger children. She was carried up the river Atabapo to the mission on the Rio Negro. She sat on the fore-part of the boat, tightly bound, and not knowing her fate. She burst the bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the river, where the stream bore her to a wall of rock. Here she concealed herself in a thicket. But the overseer of the mission sent his Indian people thither; the woman was brought back and cruelly beaten with whips; her hands were tied behind her back, and she was sent to the Christian mission of Gabita. It was the rainy season; the night was very dark. On account of the impenetrableness of the woods, the streams are here the only means of communication between village and village. Mother's love drove the imprisoned woman to attempt what seemed impossible; she felt but one impulse—to deliver her children, and carry them back to the others still in their home. She was not watched; as her arms bled with the cutting of the cords, the Indian servants of the missionary, out of pity, secretly loosened them a little. She untied them completely with her teeth. Early in the morning, she was gone, and four days after was seen in the neighborhood of San Fernando, where her children were confined in the mission! She had rapidly passed through the woods at a season when the sky is continually covered with clouds, and the streams are greatly swollen. Often she must swim the rivers, and with bleeding limbs force her way through the twining vines covered with sharp thorns. She lived on the large black ants. The Christian missionary thus rewarded the boundless instinct of desperate maternal love: after she was captured, he sent her to a mission on the upper Orinoco, where she had no hope of ever seeing her children again! She refused all food, and so starved herself to death!

"With great emotion, Humboldt saw the rock, on the west bank of the Atabapo, where she first sought to escape. To this day it is called 'The Mother's Rock!' He says, 'In those solitudes of the wilderness, if man leaves scarcely any trace of his existence, yet in the name of this rock—an indestructible monument of nature—there will still be preserved the memory of the moral corruption of our race, the contrast between the virtue of the savage and the barbarism of the civilized man! Here is the memorial of a sacrifice to the bigotry and cruelty of miserable wretches who called themselves the ministers of a Religion which makes love of our neighbor one of its chief commandments!'—[Klencke's Alexander von Humboldt (Leipzig, 1851), p. 232, *et seq.*]

"In 1826, Humboldt published a work at Paris, in two volumes, called a Political Essay on the Island of Cuba (*Essai Politique sur l'Isle de Cuba*). It was a treatise on the state of Agriculture and Slavery in that Island, and contained all the matter relating thereto which previously lay scattered in his great and costly work, Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent (*Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales du nouveau continent*). It was translated immediately into English and Spanish, and published in those languages without any omission. But in 1856, Mr. J. S. Thrasher published at New York a new translation of the work, with the title, 'The Island of Cuba, by Alexander von Humboldt. Translated from the Spanish, with notes and a preliminary Essay, by J. S. Thrasher. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856.' It is a 12mo. volume of about 400 pages. Mr. Thrasher had lived a long time on the Island, where, I think, he was American Consul. He added many things to the original, and brought the statistical details down to the recent times, and in various ways enriched the original. In his preface, he does not state that he intends to make any abridgement of the original, or to omit anything. But in July, 1856, Von Humboldt wrote an article for the *Spenersche Zeitung*, complaining that the entire seventh chapter of the Spanish work was arbitrarily omitted. That chapter related to slavery, and in it he discussed the matter with freedom and humanity. Mr. Thrasher omitted it all!

"In 1858, Julius Froebel published two handsome volumes on America, which are not so valuable as his reputation and the judgment of his friends would lead one to expect. He sent a copy to Mr. Humboldt, who, in his acknowledgment, again expresses his indignation at the treatment his work had met with at Thrasher's hands. He says his work unmutilated can circulate freely in France and Spain; but the Americans are not allowed to read his thoughts on the institution of slavery!

"I think no American library contains all Mr. Humboldt's works. Even the great ones were wanting in all the public collections of New England until the generosity of Mr. Bates enabled the Public Library of Boston to supply the defect. I have not been able to find a copy of the Spanish translation of his Essay on Cuba, with which to compare the American work; but I have made a careful examination of the French original, and find that Mr. Thrasher has omitted many things of great importance. I select a few which relate to slavery. Mr. Humboldt says:

"'It is the duty of the traveller who has closely studied what tortures and degrades human nature to bear the complaints of the unfortunate to such as can relieve them. I have studied the condition of the black countries where the laws, religion and national habits tend to soften their fate; and yet, quitting America, I feel the same abhorrence for slavery which I felt in Europe. It is in vain that intelligent writers, seeking to hide the barbarity of institutions by the ingenious trick of literary art, have invented the word "Negro Peasant of America," "Black Vassalage," and "Patriarchal Protection"—that is perverting the noble arts of reason and imagination by deceitful comparisons or captious sophisms, in order to disguise the excesses which afflict mankind, and which prepare the way for violent convulsions. Does any one think he has the right to endeavor to avert our pity by comparing the condition of the black with that of the serfs of the middle ages, or with that state of oppression at which some classes in the north and east of Europe are groaning still? These comparisons, these tricks of rhetoric, that disdainful injustice with which some men reject as chimerical even the hope of the gradual abolition of slavery—these weapons are used less in the present time. The great revolutions which have taken place on the Continent and the Archipelago of the Antilles, since the beginning of the present century, have influenced public opinion even in the country where slavery exists; it begins to be modified by them.

"'Without doubt, slavery is the greatest of all the evils which have afflicted mankind.

"'We cannot sufficiently praise the wise legislation of the new Republics of Spanish America, which, at their very birth, have seriously busied themselves with the total extinction of slavery. In this respect, that vast portion of the earth has an immense advantage over the Southern part of the United States, where the whites, in their struggles with England, have secured their own liberty; but where the slave population, which is already 1,600,000 in number, increases faster than the whites. If civilization should be transferred, instead of being extended; if, at the end of the great and deplorable convulsions of Europe, America, between Cape Hatteras and the Missouri, should become the chief seat of the intelligence of Christianity, what a spectacle would be offered by that centre of civilization, where, in the sanctuary of Liberty, we might be present at the probate sale of negros after their owners' decease, and hear the sobbing of the parents separated from their children! Let us hope that the generous principles which so long have animated the Legislatures in the North of the United States will, little by little, extend toward the South, and to those Western regions where, by an imprudent and fatal law, slavery and its iniquities have passed the Alleghany and the Mississippi. Let us hope that the power of public opinion, the progress of intelligence, the improvement of morals, the legislation of the new Continental Republic (of Spanish America), and the great and auspicious event, the recognition of Haytian Independence by the French government—either through forecast and fear or through more noble and disinterested feelings—may have a happy influence in ameliorating the condition of the blacks in the other West India Islands, in the Carolinas, (!) in Guiana and Brazil.'"

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

From The Clerkenwell (Eng.) News, June 4.

PROBABLY there never has been a period in the history of the Christian Church when the caution given by Christ to his disciples was not needed—"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." The test of discipleship is as much required now as it was in the days when the Saviour of mankind uttered the Sermon on the Mount—"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

We are loud in our anti-slavery professions in this country. We have bought "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the tens of thousands, and we have been touched to the quick by its harrowing recitals; and yet those who have examined into the foundations of slavery know that it is materially based upon the pro-slavery action, at least in its relative influence, of the Churches of this country. The test of fellowship with American Churches has never gone beyond the external wool of the animal with us. We have been utterly careless, provided that it had the orthodox appearances, whether we introduced into our fold a sheep of Christ's flock or a wolf of Satan's breed. We have as practically bowed to the infallibility of verbal orthodoxy as Romanists have passively submitted to the written decree of popish infallibility. The persistent sinning against light and knowledge by our religious denominations, in the matter of American slavery, has been enough to plunge the whole land into infidelity to Christianity. Reed and Matheson, from the Congregationalists; Cox and Hoby, from the Baptists; Cunningham and Lewis, from the Free Church of Scotland; and others who have crossed the Atlantic, have sat down at the table of the Lord with slaveholders, and thereby riveted yet tighter the previously loosening fetters of the slave. But deputations, in courtesy, must be mutual; and accordingly the Americans, very naturally, taking the Anglo-American delegates as fair exponents of British sentiment, were not particular in sending over men whose hands were clean in the matter of slavery. In 1849, the admirable scheme theoretically of the Œcumenical Alliance brought over from the United States a shoal of Biblical defenders of slavery, and at least one slaveholder. The attempt to engraft them permanently upon the Evangelical Churches of this country was defeated by William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson, Frederick Douglass, and others, who lifted up the skin and discovered to the Christian public of this country the wild-beast character of the men it concealed. The Alliance, the most powerful ecclesiastical organization ever convened in England, was compelled—we use the term advisedly—in deference to the awakened British sentiment, to rescind its own resolution, which virtually admitted slaveholders to Christian fellowship with our Churches. That which so signally failed in the corporation has subsequently been sought to be accomplished in the individual. A specimen of the attempt to smuggle the excommunicated into the Church over the wall, instead of by the open door, has recently been made by two of our leading religious organizations—the Congregational Union and the London Missionary Society—in the person of the Rev. Dr. Pomroy, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. The chairman of the first-named organization not only gave to the reverend gentleman "the right hand of fellowship," but extended to him "a cordial greeting." To whom was this act of Christian fellowship accorded? To a recreant anti-slavery man; once a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, but who, under the influence of the Annas and Caiphas of the United States, betrayed Christ in the person of the poor slave for whose salvation he died. Such is the man; and what is the body whom he represents? An organization lending its powerful influence to the perpetuation of American slavery; an association whose pro-slavery action has brought upon it the withering denunciations of Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Cheever. Mr. Wilson Armistead, of Leeds, preferred an indictment against Dr. Pomroy and his clients on this head. By his silence he pleaded guilty to a charge which was as patent to the world as the sun at noonday.

What is the action as regards slavery of this American Board of Commissioners, in "regular standing" and intimate union with nearly the whole of the American Churches? By its Christian fellowship it sanctions the acts of the worst slaveholders in the United States. Among its members, for example, are the Old School Presbyterians, who deny to their slaves that which God hath appointed for all men—marriage. One of its own members, Dr. Breckenridge, bears the following testimony to the religion practised by the body: "The system of slavery denies to a whole class of human beings the sacredness of marriage and of home, compelling them to live in a state of concubinage; for, in the eye of the law, no colored slaveman is the husband of any wife in particular; and no slave child is the child of any parent in particular." Mr. Stuart, of Illinois, thus reprobates the sin of the body: "In this Church a man may take a free-born child, force it away from its parents, to whom God gave it in charge, saying, 'Bring it up for me,' and sell it as a beast, or hold it in perpetual bondage, and not only escape corporeal punishment, but really be esteemed an excellent Christian. Nay, even ministers of the Gospel and Doctors of Divinity may engage in this unholy traffic, and yet sustain their high and holy calling." What is the action of this Society abroad? It has missions among the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians, the church-members of which hold slaves. Complaints were received of their robbing parents of their children, and sending them where they are never beheld by them again. The matter was complained of to the Board; the Board referred the complaint to the missionaries; the missionaries coolly replied, in true American spirit, that the separation of parents and children is not forbidden by the express injunction of Scripture. There the matter was allowed by the Board to rest. Polygamy is known to exist in the Mission Churches; the Board tolerates a crime for which its members. Thus stands Dr. Pomroy, with one hand grasping that of the slaveholder, the child-stealer, the polygamist, and the compeller of the sin of concubinage, and with the other reciprocating the warm embrace of Christian fellowship of the Congregational Union and the London Missionary Society. Dr. Pomroy virtually indorses the blasphemies uttered by American divines, that slavery was instituted by God and was sanctioned by Christ and his Apostles; the Congregational Union and the London Missionary Society tacitly give their assent to the doctrine, by openly endorsing the Christianity of Dr. Pomroy. Had it been a mere temporal matter, the world would have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion respecting the Doctor as the middle-man of the two classes, of whom he was the bond of union—"*nascitur e socits.*" As the link in the chain connecting the two, it certainly would not be unfair to exclaim of both, "*Arcades ambo.*"

We ask the Directors of the London Missionary Society to ponder over, and to controvert if they can, the statement made by Mrs. Stowe, as to the influence exercised upon the minds of the heathen by the child-theft justifying missionaries, the representative of whom they have so warmly embraced: "We have sent our missionaries from all quarters of the globe; but how shall they tell their heathen converts the things that are done in Christianized America? How shall our missionaries in Mahometan countries hold up their heads, and proclaim the superiority of our religion, when we tolerate barbarities which they have repudiated? A missionary among the Karens, in Asia, writes back that his course is much embarrassed by a suspicion that is afloat among them that the Americans intend to steal and sell them. He says, 'I dread the time when these Karens will be able to read our books, and get a full knowledge of all that is going on in our country. Many of them are very inquisitive now, and often ask me questions that I find it very difficult to answer.'" It is evident that in fraternizing with this pro-slavery representative, the English organizations have had respect to nothing but the wool, without caring aught about the real nature of the animal by which it is assumed. Albert Barnes departed from Presbyterian orthodoxy in his views of the federal headship of Adam, and of the propriety of imputing his sin to all his posterity. The Church hurled its fiercest denunciations against the arch-heresiarch, as it did also against Dr. Lyman Beecher. Well might his daughter say, "The Bible declares of all such"—church-members—"that they are temples of the Holy Ghost; that they are members of Christ's body, of his flesh and bones. Is not the doctrine that men may lawfully sell the members of Christ, his body, his flesh, and bones, for the purpose of gain, as really an heresy as the denial of the divinity of Christ? and is it not a dishonor to Him who is over all, God blessed for ever, to tolerate this dreadful opinion, with its more dreadful consequences, while the smallest heresies concerning the imputation of Adam's sin are pursued with eager vehemence?" Certainly not, in the opinion of the Congregational Union and the London Missionary Society, who must have come to the conclusion practically arrived at by the American Churches—"For a man to teach that there are not three Persons in the Trinity is heresy. For a man to teach that all these three Persons authorize a system which even Mahometan princes have abolished, from mere natural shame and conscience, is no heresy."

We regret that a press of engagements prevented the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society from admitting the topic of American slavery either in their resolutions upon the platform or in the report read on Saturday last. We rejoice, on the other hand, in the establishment of the London Emancipation Committee, which has undertaken to attempt the work which the Broad Street Society has not time to attend to properly—of warning the public against wolves in sheep's clothing.

THE LONDON EMANCIPATION COMMITTEE.

From The Clerkenwell (Eng.) News, June 4.

On Saturday last an influential meeting of friends of the Anti-Slavery cause was held at the residence of Mr. F. W. Chesson, 19 Harpur street, Bloomsbury, for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming an Anti-Slavery Committee. George Thompson, Esq., formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, was unanimously called upon to preside.

Mr. CHESSON opened the proceedings by stating the reasons why the meeting was called together. He said that several friends of the anti-slavery cause, with himself, had long felt the need of some properly constituted body in London which should diffuse information on the slavery question, more especially in its American aspects. No existing organization in this part of the county supplied that want; and in proof of that statement he need only refer to the anti-slavery meeting held at the London Tavern that day, at which only very slight reference was made to the subject of slavery in the United States. There were important questions, such as the agitation in favor of the Personal Liberty bill, and the noble stand taken by Dr. Cheever against the pro-slavery Churches of America, which it was especially desirable should be brought before the English public at the present time (hear, hear). He did not suggest that they should constitute themselves into a society; they were not in a position to undertake such a responsibility, nor did they wish to come into collision with any existing association. He thought that they might advantageously form themselves into a committee; and if they did no more than to hold a public meeting on the 1st of August in every year, with a view to commemorate West India emancipation, and to place fairly before the public the American slavery question, they would not labor in vain (hear).

The CHAIRMAN said he had little to add to the very clear statement which Mr. Chesson had made of the reasons which led to the holding of that meeting. He (Mr. T.) had for many years seen and felt the necessity for the existence of an independent committee in London, for the especial purpose of cooperating with the friends of abolition in the United States of America. He did not wish to stand in an attitude of hostility or antagonism towards any organization of an anti-slavery character which might be at present prosecuting its own peculiar objects; but he did most earnestly desire to be associated with a committee, no matter how few its number nor how humble their

THE BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN

TO THEIR BRETHREN IN AMERICA.

From The New York Chronicle of June 23d.

LONDON, June 1, 1859.

To the Editor of The New York Chronicle.

MY DEAR SIR: I take the liberty of forwarding to you the enclosed document, and of requesting that you will insert it in the *New York Chronicle*, and otherwise give it such publicity as may be in your power.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. H. HINTON, Sec'y B. U.

To the Baptist Churches in the United States.

DEAR BRETHREN: In now addressing you, we avail ourselves of a Christian privilege, and fulfil a Christian duty.

We contemplate your noble country, and the churches of the Savior which it contains, with mingled sentiments.

For all the benefits which God has vouchsafed to them, and for all the good which He has wrought by them, we heartily rejoice, and yield Him sincere thanks. We reflect with lively satisfaction on the large measure of civil and religious liberty which your country possesses, and on the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom within its borders, and throughout other regions of the earth, by the labors of those great Societies which are its glory and defence. It yields us great pleasure to know that in this increase of the saved, and in these holy and successful toils, you, as a body, amply share.

During many months past the glad tidings of a widespread revival of religion in the Union have greeted our ears. We have heard with joy of "the Spirit of grace and supplication" which has been poured upon you; of the hallowed exertions that you have made on behalf of perishing transgressors; and of the rich mercies vouchsafed by God to you, in the growing holiness of believers, and the hopeful conversion of many sinners "from the error of their way." "Our heart's desire and prayer to God" is, that these blessings may be continued and multiplied in the midst of you, and that kindred ones may be granted to ourselves.

It is with no little sorrow that we turn from topics so gladdening as these to the wrong and wretchedness which, in the form of slavery, exist in your land. We have no wish to describe in exaggerated language the evils which this system inflicts; but when we think of the entire loss of liberty, the unrequited toil, and the stern refusal of slave evidence in courts of justice; when we see that in most of the Slave States it is made a criminal offence to teach slaves to read; that law yields no sanction or security to their wedded ties; that their families are not seldom violently broken up, and the members of them scattered far asunder; when, in fine, we contemplate the privations and sufferings to which, in cases, alas, too numerous, the victims of slavery have been subjected, grief and indignation are stirred within us.

We have, moreover, viewed with pungent regret the statute which transforms the sheltering of a fugitive from oppression into a crime; the legal decision which makes an immortal being, in all respects, a legal chattel; and the violent measures employed, by the supporters of slavery in Kansas, to impose and extend this hateful system. Is it possible, dear brethren, that a system which inflicts so much wrong and suffering can be otherwise than displeasing to God? and yet—the fact is for a perpetual lamentation—many who bear the honored names of Christians, and of Baptists, connive at, and plead for the maintenance of slavery, and share alike in its cruelties and its gains. Has not God rather laid you under sacred obligations to do what lies in your power to abate and remove this crying iniquity?

We are fully aware that the abolition of slavery in the Union is beset with difficulties. Still, permit us to remind you that there are steps towards this object you *can* take. You *can* abstain from participation in the enslavement of your fellow-men; you *can* in the free States, at least, protest against the evils of the system; you *can* influence public opinion concerning it; and you *can* record your votes in favor of freedom. We derive very sincere gratification from a knowledge of the fact that increasing numbers of your body are, in these and other suitable ways, subserving the interests of righteousness. While of such we devoutly say, "the blessing of the Lord be upon them," we cannot but express our earnest wish that, in this deeply important enterprise, you were all "of one heart and of one soul."

We are, with much interest, waiting to see what influence the late revival of religion among you will exercise on behalf of the slave. We are too well acquainted with the circumstances of the case to imagine that any great result will *immediately* accrue; but if it should not promote a change in the prevailing views and feelings with regard to slavery and to further wise and peaceful efforts "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free," we shall be grievously disappointed, and shall fear that we have much overrated its worth.

We entreat you, dear brethren, as "the *redeemed* of the Lord," to lay this matter to heart, and to exert yourselves to free your great country from the dark blot and the foul sin of slavery.

By the wish that you must cherish to promote the lasting tranquillity of your native land; by the concern you feel for your national honor; by the regard which, as men and Christians, you are bound to cherish for the present and everlasting welfare of your fellow-men and fellow-Christians; by that anxious care for the purity of your Churches, and the honor of religion, which your holy profession claims of you; by your earnest desire that "your work of faith, and labor of love" may multiply the trophies of divine grace; by the sacred obligation which lies on you to be "imitators of God as dear children," we implore you, beloved brethren, to put forth your doubled energies in endeavoring to terminate a system which is the darkest stain on the banner of the Union, and the most lamentable source of division and weakness in your Churches.

Signed by order and on behalf of the Annual Session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, held on the 22d of April, 1859.

JAMES ACWORTH, LL. D., Chairman.

J. H. HINTON, M.A., Secretary.

London, April 22, 1859.

PRO-SLAVERY LEGISLATION IN NEW MEXICO.

From The Vermont Watchman and State Journal.

THE annexed letter comes from an old friend of the editor of *The Watchman*, a gentleman who has spent something like twenty years in New Mexico and vicinity, and is still a resident. It is a reliable letter, written for the purpose of giving information; and it is important so far as it throws light on the exercise of "Popular Sovereignty" by the Territorial Assembly, in passing laws for the protection of slavery, and indicates that this pro-slavery movement was INSTIGATED BY "THE POWERS THAT BE" AT WASHINGTON.

FORT UNION, New Mexico, April 28.

DEAR SIR: It may not be uninteresting to you to learn in what way the passage of those stringent laws for the protection of property in slaves in this Territory was brought about in the last Legislature; if so, I can satisfy your curiosity in that particular, as I was astonished myself at their passage, and have taken some trouble to inform myself on the subject, and have learned, through members of the Legislature who *should know*, that a letter was received from our Delegate in Congress stating that unless such laws were passed, his influence at Washington with "the powers that be" would be at an end, and that all his efforts to secure anything for the protection of the Territory would be powerless. This, being with them a matter of life and death, had a tremendous effect; in addition the ignorant were told that the passage of these laws was desirable only to secure the safe passage of slaves belonging to emigrants through the country, who would otherwise be forced to pursue some other route; and they were assured that they would have no real effect on this Territory; and in this manner they succeeded in rushing them through the Legislature, without giving any time for reflection or consultation on the subject, and the first notice the "people" had of the matter was that the laws had been passed, and I am sorry to say that this was effected by a few officeholders, who care nothing for the interests of the Territory when they conflict with their own private interests. The civil and military officers are leagued together; and as they have *The Gazette* in their hands (the only paper in the Territory), they have everything their own way. The people are ignorant, never having possessed the advantages which we have enjoyed, and this clique have availed themselves of the circumstance to the utmost, for their own momentary benefit, regardless of the injurious consequences to those who, confiding in their superior knowledge, have in all simplicity and truth followed their guidance to the very brink of ruin. These men have much to answer for, and I trust the day is not far distant when they will be forced to acknowledge by sad experience the truth of the old proverb that "honesty is the best policy." A free press would change the whole aspect of things in this Territory at once; and should there be an influx of emigrants from the States, the reign of misrule would be short indeed. The destinies of New Mexico have unfortunately, up to the present time, rested in the hands of individuals who come here to advance their fortunes, and who desire to accomplish their purpose in as short a time as possible, and then return to the States to enjoy it; not caring a "red" what disastrous effects the course they may have pursued to obtain it may have upon this poor Territory and its inhabitants. The Mexican population are beginning to look with distrust on Americans, and it is not strange that such should be the case, considering the deplorable condition to which they have been brought through their shameful policy.

But this state of things cannot last, and there is already an awakening amongst the people that cannot fail to produce beneficial effects, and the course pursued by the wire-workers with regard to the above mentioned laws may recoil on themselves with tremendous effect. The people have always expressed themselves on the subject of slavery in the most unequivocal manner, and I shall never believe their views have undergone a change until there is further evidence of it than the fraudulent passage of these laws affords.

The people of New Mexico favor the Democratic party because they hear nothing except what the *Gazette* chooses; not understanding English, they are kept in the dark, and see and hear only what the "clique" approve of.

You can judge something of the *freedom* of the *Gazette* when I inform you that it refuses to publish an account of Indian outrages, and even passes the murders committed by them unnoticed, so far as possible, and even abuses those correspondents who notify them of their commission, fearing that the publication of such things would cause the Military Department or the Superintendent of Indian Affairs to be censured. I speak of these things knowingly, because I am continually hearing of their occurrence without seeing them noticed in the *Gazette*, and not long since I sent in an account of what was done by these "Government pets" in this neighborhood, for publication, and only received abuse for my trouble.

There is no other people on the face of the earth who would have borne what the people of this Territory have done, and even *their* patience is well nigh exhausted, patient and law-abiding as they are. The greater part of the outrages are committed by Indians who are *called friendly*, and who are receiving rations and presents from our government. When complaints are made against them, we are expected to rest satisfied with the assurance that they shall be reported at Washington, and that is the end of it.

SLAVE MARRIAGES DECIDED INVALID.

A CASE came before the Brooklyn (N. Y.) City Court lately, involving the validity of slave marriages, in which Hon. E. D. Culver, City Judge, rendered the following decision:

The complainant in this matter alleges, and the evidence supports the allegation, that the defendants have charged in substance that the complainant, who is a Bishop in the colored Episcopal Church of Williamsburgh, is guilty of bigamy, in that he has two wives living. The defendants attempt to justify this charge on the following statement of facts, which have been proved before me in this examination, viz: That Warrick and Winnie, one of the defendants, were both slaves in North Carolina, owned by different masters. They agreed, as far back as 1814, to live together, and a colored Methodist exhorter read over the discipline on marriage, the parties saluted each other as bride and groom, jumped over the broomstick in the kitchen, and were pronounced married. No license seems to have been obtained from the County Court, as required by the laws of that State, nor was the consent of their respective owners obtained. The parties, however, cohabited together as best they could under the circumstances; and after some seventeen years, twelve children had been born to them as the fruits of such cohabitation.

In 1828, however, Warrick was made free, but he continued to live with Winnie till 1838, when, in consequence of the laws of the State touching free colored persons, he was obliged to leave, and did. After ten years, absence, he returned to North Carolina, found his woman, who was still a slave, passed over night with her, whereupon he was notified by the sheriff to leave in three days, or be again reduced to slavery. He left, Winnie consenting and advising him to do so. He came to Williamsburgh, where, in 1843, he was duly married to his present wife. Winnie, his former woman, remained in slavery till 1854, when she came North and found her man the husband of another woman. She now claims him as her rightful husband. Out of this claim this whole controversy has arisen. It is due to the claimant to say that she is shown to be a sincere, plain, blunt, honest-hearted, Christian woman, believing both in the merit and equity of her claim.

Had she left North Carolina with Warrick, or had she obtained her freedom before he contracted his last marriage, he admits he should have felt morally bound to have made her his legal wife. But as he heard nothing from her, and had no reasonable expectation of her ever being made free, he seems to have contracted the second marriage in good faith. Under these circumstances I am called upon to say whether Warrick can be charged with the offence of bigamy—in other words, whether the defendants have made good their declaration touching his having two wives. From the facts disclosed in the evidence I have arrived at the following conclusions:

1. That as marriage is a civil contract, the parties must be held incapable of contracting (24 Pick. Eng. Rep. 19).

2. Slaves cannot in law contract marriage, nor does cohabitation confer any legal rights on the parties or their children (24 Ala. Rep. 717. 5 Maryland Rep. 91. 2 North Carolina Equity Rep. 177).

3. Warrick's first marriage being in law a nullity, he was at full liberty, if his moral sense allowed it, to contract the marriage with his present wife, and has violated no law in so doing.

4. It follows that the defendants, in uttering the charges against Warrick, have themselves violated the law, and if repeated after this intimation from the Court, will become liable for damages.

Defendants must be held to bail in the sum of $100 each. Ordered accordingly.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

ANTI SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE friends of impartial liberty and universal emancipation are invited to attend a MASS MEETING at the commodious and beautiful Grove in FRAMINGHAM, on MONDAY, July 4th (under the direction of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society), to consecrate the day to the work of breaking the fetters of the millions who are yet in this false-hearted and hypocritical nation, groaning in the bondage of chattelism, whose unutterable wrongs are still crying unto Heaven for redress, whose claims on the sympathy and justice of all are constantly increasing in solemnity, and without whose liberation and rescue there is no positive security for the freedom and perpetuity of the American republic.

Among the speakers expected are W. L. GARRISON, T. W. HIGGINSON, Rev. U. M. FISK of Taunton, EDMUND QUINCY, C. L. REMOND, A. T. FOSS, E. H. HEYWOOD, Rev. C. G. AMES, JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN and others.

Special trains of cars, for the Grove, will be run from Boston, Worcester, Millbury, Milford and Northboro'. Leave Boston and Worcester at 9:15 A. M., stopping at Way Stations. Leave Millbury at 8:30; Milford at 9:45; Northboro' at 9:40.

Fares as follows:

Boston, to Grove and back, } 75 cts. for adults;
Worcester, " " } 35 cts. for children.
Millbury, " "

Milford and Milford Branch, Northboro' and Marlboro', Natick, Needham, Ashland, Cordaville, Southboro' and Westboro'—to the Grove and back, 50 cts. for adults, 25 cts. for children.

Grafton, to the Grove and back, 60 cts. for adults, 30 cts. for children.

Returning, leave the Grove at 5:45 P. M.

The House at the Grove will be open for refreshments. In case of rain, the meeting will be held in WAVERLY HALL, opposite the Railroad Depot at South Framingham.

THE DISEASE, AND THE QUACK MEDICINE.

IN England, Mr. Dickens found the government the most striking exponent of the idea which he has immortalized under the name of the "Circumlocution Office"; in this country, the Church is the most prominent representative of that idea. The art "how *not* to do it" is one of the things most carefully studied and practised by that body in regard to the gigantic sin of slavery; and, however policy may dictate a change of the means used to this end, the end itself must probably long continue to be favored and aided by the American Church.

To the Pharisee, consistency is chief among the cardinal virtues. He can no more dispense with it when he is in the wrong than when he chances to be in the right. To change is an acknowledgment that one has been in error. A common man can afford to make this acknowledgment; he has never pretended to be infallible, and the substantial advantage of being wiser to-day more than counterbalances the mortification of admitting that he was foolish yesterday. But this balance of advantages is very much altered after a person has publicly proclaimed himself the salt of the earth and the light of the world; loudly triumphed over other men with the assumption that he is founded upon a rock, they only on the sand; that while they drift, at the mercy of wind and wave, he has a rudder and an anchor; and that while they stand in the outer court, strangers and aliens, he, a son and heir, has the robe and the crown put upon him, and has not only the passive advantage of being "on the Lord's side," but is able, by his petitions, to "move the Arm that moves the world." To those who have ostentatiously, and with sound of trumpet, taken this position, the subsequent confession of error must be doubly mortifying. They must, on the most charitable supposition, confess two errors where the unpretending natural man would have to confess but one; and where, as in the case we have now in mind (the relation of the Church to slavery), the confession of their own sin involves the admission that those are in the right whose position, whose action and whose character they have hitherto been stigmatizing and maligning, it must be hard indeed to confess and reform.

Yet it is absolutely necessary for the Church to escape from her present position. Long ago, when "the world" was as indifferent as herself to the sufferings of the slave and the wickedness of the slaveholder, she gave her arm to the latter and set her foot upon the former; she winked at the profitable sin, shut her ears to the cry of the poor, baptised the oppressor as a Christian, and bought her communion wine with the price of boys sold for drudges and girls for harlots in the open market. She fraternized with the slaveholder, admitted him to the Church and the pulpit, and gave him full recognition as a constituent part of the salt of the earth and the light of the world. Of course he saw the immense advantage of such a position, of such a certificate of character, and of such associates. Of course he willingly joined those who offered him, at so cheap a rate, the substantial advantage of public recognition as a Christian. Of course he gave his name and his money to an American Bible Society which would privately agree to give no Bibles to his slaves, while they made the deceitful pretence that they *would* give, and afterwards made the lying boast that they *had* given, a Bible to every destitute family in the land; pretences in the credit of which he shared. Of course he joyfully gave his name and his money to an American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions who would accept slaveholders to fill the place of Christian ministers, who would allow them to buy more slaves of the heathen whom they went to convert, who would allow them to receive slaveholders as Christians into their Churches, and who would admit their pretence of finding apostolic warrant for the holding of men and women as chattels and for the selling of children away from their parents. Of course the slaveholder willingly gave his name and his money to the formation of an American Tract Society which would remember to overlook his profitable sin, and, when reminded of the omission, won'd represent it as needful for "the glory of God"! All these were to him, as they still continue to be, good business transactions, profitable investments; but the Church is now beginning to find her side of this bargain in some measure unprofitable and unsatisfactory.

For, while the Church has thus been conniving with slavery, and manufacturing revivals of a religion which left the relation of oppressor to oppressed undisturbed, humanity and philanthropy have been actively at work, and have forced upon the world some recognition of the fact that slaveholding is incompatible with Christianity; that a cart-whip is not the instrument which a good Samaritan would choose, to apply relief to a sufferer; and that a thing utterly mean, base, contemptible and atrocious can no longer pass unquestioned, even under the shelter of the communion table. If the world is finding out these things—that very world from which the Church recruits herself with cash and converts—the Church must, at least, *seem* no longer to support an iniquity which is becoming odious even to the unregenerate. How to gain this indispensable appearance of innocence without a change from the reality of guilt! How to sit in white garments without that washing which is a confession of defilement! That is the problem.

Men do not get grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. The consequences of that which is at once a heinous sin and an enormous blunder, continued for more than a century, must be of a most serious and alarming character. The tree whose trunk has stood firmly, and whose branches have been constantly extending for more than a century, must have sent out also strong, and wide-spreading, and deep-piercing roots. Is it to be overturned by a ploughshare, or pulled up like a weed of a week's duration? Nay, verily!

Each of the great branches of the American Church, and each of the great Societies we have mentioned, formed by the Union of these branches, has slaveholders among its members, among its officers, among the most reputable and pious of its coadjutors, among the richest and most liberal of its patrons. These men give largely for two reasons. He who has a hundred or a thousand laborers, and cheats each of them out of three-quarters of his wages, can *afford* to contribute largely towards the salary of his minister, the collections of the propagandist Societies above mentioned, and the support of the Reverend mendicants whom they send out as agents; and moreover, he who gets his living by robbery preeminently *needs* the alliance of these pious men, and the certificate of good character which they will always give him in exchange for his donation. Whenever the Church shall abandon the slaveholders, their occupation is gone; the hope of their gains is gone; and they know it. They therefore give money to the Church, and to the associations among whom its propagandist labors are divided, as readily, and on the same principle, as they pay it to an insurance company. It is more economical to them, in the single point of the safe-keeping of their slaves, than the same sum would be expended in extra overseers and patrols, whips and handcuffs. What wonder that a hundred and thirty-four of the Life-Directors of the American Bible Society are from slave States? What wonder that that Society repeatedly and contemptuously refused the offer made to it by the American Anti-Slavery Society, of five thousand dollars, to be distributed in Bibles among the slaves? The little auxiliary Bible Society of Abbeville, South Carolina, has already given nearly this sum to the parent Society, and thus made an excellent investment of gain. It was worth twice that sum to them to have the address of one of their slaveholding members (delivered at their anniversary in July, 1854, and claiming that the Bible justifies slavery, and that, through its influence, slaves may most securely be kept in bondage) copied into the parent Society's official publication, the *Bible Society Record*, and there certified by Rev. J. C. Brigham, the senior Secretary, to be an "IMPORTANT DOCUMENT" and an "EXCELLENT ADDRESS." To have their slaveholding mixed with the Bible Society's piety, and to have a certificate of the perfect compatibility of the two signed by the senior Secretary and sent into every family, North and South, which has given money towards the circulation of the Scriptures, is a greater help to the slaveholders of Abbeville, and of every Southern State, than even a revival of the African trade would be. Of course, such insurance is well worth a very high premium. But while they continue to pay this premium, and while the officers of the Societies in question (chosen, be it remembered, by the votes of Northern as well as Southern church-members) continue to give the tacitly stipulated equivalent, and while a chain of "evangelical" fellowship passes unbroken from Deacon Netherland, through Rev. Dr. Fuller, the slaveholder, and Rev. Mr. Denison, the lyncher of Abolitionist colporteurs, and Rev. South-side Adams, the defender of slavery from the Bible, and Rev. Baron Stow, whose pewholders in Boston must be "*respectable* white persons," and Rev. Andrew L. Stone, whose church has just been newly whitened without, to match the exclusion of colored people from its pews within, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who calls the government of the Tract Society hypocritical Christians without proposing any Church censure upon them, up to Rev. George B. Cheever, who would treat slaveholders and their apologists with Church censure and verbal severities of every sort, but *not* with excommunication!—while all these things continue, how is the Northern Church (however hardly pressed by the Abolitionists) to begin to *seem* opposed to slavery? Here is a serious dilemma.

To rescue the Northern Church from this dilemma, to give it the needed chance of *seeming* to be opposed to slavery (in the eyes of a people already prepared, by the ordinary public administration of the popular American religion, to receive "profession" as a satisfactory substitute for practice), the Boston Tract Society steps in, and says—Men and brethren, listen to us! We have found the golden mean! We have constructed a shield wherewith to quench all the fiery darts of the Abolitionists! We know how to avoid the guilty silence of the New York brethren, without playing into the hands of infidels by making hearty and uncompromising opposition to slavery. When sin has become political, of course we cannot oppose it, or even touch it (in any other way but by political coöperation) with the tip of one of our fingers. We are well aware that nothing would be more dangerous, more ruinous, to the Church, than to oppose political sin. It would destroy our influence. We might as well be cast into a den of lions, or a burning fiery furnace. But since out of this political sin there grow certain *evils*, we will boldly, openly, manfully *discuss* these! *fraternally* discuss them, mind you! we do not mean to *oppose* them, like the infidels! "WE ARE NOT AN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY"! Our plan and purpose are "NOT TO BE AN ABOLITION SOCIETY"! But we shall fraternally discuss the evils that grow out of slavery; and our three publications on that subject during the past year are fair specimens of the prudent manner in which we propose to approach the subject. Our tract on Oppression is careful not to mention the words slave, slavery or slaveholder. Our tract on the Duties of Masters assumes that God approves of slavery, with a prefatory disclaimer of six lines, declaring that *we* must not, on account of that publication, be presumed to approve it. And our tract on the Bible and slavery strongly discourages immediate emancipation. We propose to attempt no rival movements against the New York Society (from which we broke off, last month, that auxiliary relation which we had borne to them ever since 1825), but we will merely suggest that if their auxiliaries will transfer that relation to us, and if new Tract Societies will become auxiliaries to us instead of to them, and if Western Societies will patronise our new New York Office instead of theirs, and if all friends of the tract cause will take our new monthly paper instead of theirs, this great Christian enterprise will be relieved from the reproach that it keeps entire silence respecting slavery!

This is the proposition of the Boston Tract Society. The Churches of New England generally, which wanted nothing more than a pretence of this sort, however transparent—a something, no matter what, to say in reply to the accusations of the Abolitionists—are fast joining in this ingenious contrivance; and, deepest sign of all of the unprincipled character of the American Church, the very strongest of its protestants against slavery, "The Reform Tract and Book Society" at Cincinnati, and "The Church Anti-Slavery Society" recently formed at Worcester, are deliberating whether *they* shall join it!

OHIO REPUBLICANISM.

WE thank the writer of the following letter (whose initial will sufficiently identify him to our readers) for his faithful exposure of the "turnings and twistings" of the leaders of the Republican party in Ohio. It seems that *all* the Judges of the Supreme Court of that State were elected by the Republican party, which is therefore responsible for the late decision of that tribunal, whereby the State Government was declared to have no power to resist the incursions of kidnappers armed with the authority of the Federal Government. We at first supposed that Chief-Justice Swan and the two Judges who concurred with him in this infamous decision were Democrats; but it seems that we were mistaken. Republicanism in Ohio, if not synonymous with kidnapping, interposes no obstacle to the crime. We commend the letter of our correspondent to those who flatter themselves that the success of the Republican party would be a triumph of freedom, and that the leaders of that party may be trusted to guide the nation out of the crimes and dangers in which it is involved.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: It may not be unimportant that the readers of THE STANDARD be informed of the present position of the Republican party in Ohio, especially in regard to the question of slave rendition, which is the feature of the great question demanding our present special attention. More than a score of our most estimable citizens here, for the last six months, have been the constant victims of legal persecution and judicial insult and outrage, for quietly interfering for the protection of an unoffending and confiding fellow-townsman against the assault of kidnapping marauders from Kentucky, aided by fellow-pirates of this State. For the last eight weeks they have been confined in the Cleveland jail.

The people of the Western Reserve have been greatly and justly excited at these outrages, and many are ready to proceed to any extremity for their release, if those who direct public sentiment would lead them in the right direction, or even refrain from restraining their just indignation. But, unfortunately, these leaders are partisan politicians, and, as a matter of course, moral poltroons and cowards. Hence, although, when occasion requires, they are heroic in the use of brave words, and prate solemnly of guns, swords and muskets, when the hour of battle comes they turn their backs upon the foe and advise the people to keep cool and trust to the laws, the ballot-box and the Republican party for redress.

This public sentiment, however, demanded a hearing—demanded action—and the people came up to Cleveland, some few weeks since, ten thousand strong, determined to be heard, and to be heard effectively, for the release of these prisoners, who are the true representatives of the anti-slavery sentiment of the State. Mr. Giddings, who was President of the Convention, proposed, as the most desirable and summary action, that the untried and unsentenced prisoners should be at once brought out on a writ of *habeas corpus*, if any officer competent to issue the writ could be found willing to discharge the duty. The meeting hailed the proposition with enthusiasm, and Mr. Giddings was associated on such Committee with two other distinguished lawyers, to see this measure executed. He at once retired from the chair, and called the Committee together for consultation and prompt action. Then it was that many there present hoped and expected that by the law, the power of the State, backed by the moral force of that immense assembly, the prisoners would be in a few hours released, the dignity of the State and the liberty of the citizen vindicated, and legal kidnapping [illegible]

But, unfortunately, just at this critical moment, Gov. Chase arrived in the Convention, all dust-soiled with his hasty journey from Columbus, where statesmanship and not fanaticism taints the air. He pronounced the course of the Convention "all wrong," and proceeded, immediately on the conclusion of the speaker then on the stand, to right it in a speech of his own, in which he adroitly eulogized his noble friends, the prisoners, declared his purpose "to execute the laws of the State to the bitter end," but advised coolness, caution, and a trust in time, the ballot-box and the law to correct the wrong; at the same time avowing his devoted allegiance to the Federal Government, and urging upon his audience the like devotion on their part. The speech was so admirable a compound of *actual* conservatism and *apparent* progressive anti-slavery that the bunkers were satisfied and the agitators quieted. The effect of the speech is well stated by the Cincinnati *Commercial*, a popular pro-slavery Republican journal. It says:

"His influence was potent in the preservation of peace. His words were calculated to restore public tranquillity—not to influence the rage of fanaticism. He gave the people good counsel, of which they stood greatly in need. If there is any portion of the community more conservative than another, that portion should be especially grateful to the Governor for his presence in Cleveland."

But we have reason to believe that the Governor's statesmanlike speech is not his only claim to the gratitude of the friends of legal kidnapping, euphoneously styled conservatives. His influence, combined with that of others, was such that the important Committee, with Mr. Giddings at its head, never attempted the work to which it was appointed, and the only information that the people have ever had that the Committee even thought of the discharge of its duties, is a brief paragraph inserted in one of the Cleveland papers, stating that Mr. Giddings's colleagues differed with him in regard to the propriety of the work they were appointed to perform. Thus the practical moral effect of that Convention was utterly lost; lost upon the people, and lost upon the Supreme Court of the State, before which the case of the two condemned prisoners was then pending.

A few days subsequent to this Convention, the Supreme Court of Ohio passed approvingly upon the action of the Federal Court in the case of these prisoners; three, a majority, approving the Fugitive Slave law as constitutional, and recognizing its paramount authority, in the hands of the officers to whom its execution is committed. Thus you see, sir, that the will of the kidnapper is our law in Ohio, to be administered by kidnapping Commissioners and Judges; and a Republican Supreme Court, in the name of the people and the party, gives it, after a few weeks' deliberation, its solemn approval! Here it should be understood that *the five Judges are all Republicans, and each one was elected expressly* (so we were told in the anti-slavery portion of the State) *to prevent kidnapping and protect the liberty of citizens* in just such an emergency as this.

The two dissenting Judges pronounced the law unconstitutional, and therefore null and void, on the ground that *Congress* had no right to legislate on the subject of slave rendition. The Constitution, they affirmed, required the slave to be given up, but the *States*, not Congress, were to do the work; a decision which, if made by a majority of the Court, might have released the present prisoners, but could not have helped the slave or relieved the State from the guilt and infamy of a character for kidnapping; nor can it relieve the party embracing it from the charge of being a pro-slavery and kidnapping party.

Two days after the decision of the Supreme Court, the Republican State Nominating Convention assembled in Columbus. All parts of the State were fully represented. The question of interest to all present was, Shall the recent decision made by the Supreme Court be sustained by the nominations and platform of the party? Judge Swan had pronounced the decision of the Court. His term of office was about to expire, and he was a candidate for re-nomination. In his favor appeared a strong delegation from Central and Southern Ohio, led on by Tom Corwin, now a Republican Congressman, but as unprincipled as when, an old Whig member of Fillmore's cabinet, he helped to inaugurate this same Fugitive Slave law. He was aided by Lewis D. Campbell, B. Stanton, and other old stagers of that ilk, and had the address to secure for himself the chairmanship of the Committee on resolutions. Judge Spaulding was the candidate of the anti-slavery men. The Swan men were so decided and vigorous in their movements, threatening to blow the party to fragments if they could not carry their purpose of making it a patriotic, constitutional party, that the anti-slavery men were cowed, and Judge Spaulding did not receive even one poor ballot! But immediately, as in such cases always made and provided, they cast about for some compromise—they were ready to save the party and make the best bargain they could with Corwin and his pro-slavery clan. The result was the nomination of Judge Gholson, of Cincinnati, a conservative who, the Cincinnati papers inform us, approves of Judge Swan's decision. As a further part of this humiliating bargain, they struck from their resolution condemning the Fugitive law the averment of its unconstitutionality, thus giving up their condemnation of Judge Swan's decision. Still more, they passed a resolution approving the official action of *all* the retiring officers, Judge Swan among the number; then, worse and worse, these nominations and this platform were sanctioned and commended to the people by speeches from Tom Corwin and Joshua R. Giddings! Who could have believed it, after reading Giddings's burning words at the Cleveland Convention, which you reported to your readers last week?

The sum of this fragment of history is briefly this:

1. President Buchanan, through Judge Wilson of the U. S. Circuit Court, punishes with fine and imprisonment the most common acts of humanity—the smallest exhibition of practical Christianity.

2. The Republican Supreme Court approves this judicial action as the constitutional law of Ohio, by sending back these Christians, to suffer in prison according to the good pleasure of their Democratic tormentors.

3. The State Convention of the Republican party of Ohio, in the name and in behalf of that party, approve and confirm this action of their Supreme Court, and take good care by their nominations to perpetuate the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave law.

Such are the legitimate fruits of compromise—such the inevitable results of attempting political anti-slavery action under a pro-slavery Constitution—such are the terrible inconsistencies of "good men" in a false position. However good, they are not then to be trusted.

Yours, R.

The statements of "R." confirm the remark recently made in a private letter received by us from an enlightened and influential member of the Republican party, viz.: "Do you know that *politics* caused the recent decision in Ohio? *Fear of injuring Chase's Presidential prospects did the devilish job.*" We have not a doubt that this is true. It seems incredible that Joshua R. Giddings is making himself a party to the juggle whereby Gholson was made the candidate of the Republicans for the Chief Justiceship in place of Swan, without being required to avow his opinion upon the *habeas corpus* question, and with the understanding that he might win votes among conservatives upon the assumption that he coincides with Judge Swan, and among the friends of State rights upon the contrary assumption. But we do not see how the ugly facts stated by our correspondent can be made to bear any less disgraceful interpretation.

THE INDEPENDENT AND DR. CHEEVER.

We place under the Pro-Slavery head an article from *The Independent* of last week, in which that jesuitical journal, under the mask of an affected regard and friendship for Dr. Cheever, makes a characteristic and dastardly thrust at his heart. The editors of *The Independent*, though obliged, on grounds of policy, to play their game with caution, hate the pastor of the Church of the Puritans for his bold handling of the slavery question, and especially for his stinging rebukes of the compromising spirit which characterizes all their movements upon that subject; and nothing but a disgraceful submission on his part to their policy would please them so well as to see him driven from his pulpit. This, however artfully disguised, is the animus of all their movements in respect to him. They joined his deadliest foes, not long since, in getting up an Ex parte Council, in the hope of thereby reducing him to submission, or compelling him to resign his pastorate. Their efforts in that direction having failed, they seek now to turn away from him the sympathy of anti-slavery Christians in Great Britain, and to defeat the plans of his friends for obtaining from that country the pecuniary assistance which his Congregational brethren in this country are indisposed to render. Their affectation of ignorance in regard to Miss Johnstone's mission, and of a belief that her movements are without Dr. Cheever's sanction, is but a shallow cover for the meanest hypocrisy and malignity. Pretending friendship for him, they aim a [illegible] his Church and bearing his endorsement, is serving the anti-slavery cause in Great Britain by exposing to the people of that country the deception so long practised upon them by the Pomroys, Bacons and Thompsons of the American Church. The assumption that those who stand by Dr. Cheever do not need help, though apparently supported by some unexplained facts in the recent history of the Church of the Puritans, is yet utterly false, as the editors of *The Independent* probably know as well as we do. It is not to be supposed that Miss Johnstone went to England, with Dr. Cheever's knowledge and concurrence, to ask for help that was not needed. As to the large donation to the Congregational Union, which *The Independent* places to the credit of the Church of the Puritans, it should be known that it was contributed, in large part, by men who, though still connected with the Church, cannot be relied upon to sustain Dr. Cheever in his uncompromising war against slavery. Mr. Chesson's statements in respect to the embarrassments of Dr. Cheever's friends, though slightly inaccurate upon some points, are in spirit true. He errs seriously, however, in ranking Henry Ward Beecher with "the Bacons," "the Thompsons" and others who are hostile to Dr. Cheever. Mr. Beecher was not as prompt as he should have been to offer his sympathy and support to the Doctor, but there is no ground to suppose that he has ever had any part in the unfriendly schemes of the editors of *The Independent*.

In what it says of the relations between Dr. Cheever and the American Anti-Slavery Society *The Independent* exhibits a recklessness of truth not less disgusting than the hypocrisy of its pretensions of friendship for that gentleman. Those who have read the report of the proceedings of the Society at its last anniversary and of the speeches made here and in Boston by the men to whom *The Independent* alludes, will not need to be told how utterly false, in spirit and fact, is the assertion that "nearly the whole" of the Society's sessions was occupied in denouncing Dr. Cheever, and that denunciation of him was "the staple of the speeches" in question. But when *The Independent* affirms that THE STANDARD and *The Liberator* have been "filled for weeks with diatribes against Dr. Cheever, because he will hold fast his Christian integrity, and will not curse God and die," it exhibits a power of mendacity which might well excite the envy of common defamers, who have never learned the trick of covering their wickedness by a religious profession. Of all the liars in this lying world, your Protestant "evangelical" j-suit is the most unscrupulous.

THE STANDARD and *The Liberator* have indeed criticised Dr. Cheever upon a single point, which they regard as important; but they approve, while *The Independent* hates, his fearless and uncompromising denunciations of slaveholding as a sin, and his faithful exposures of the guilt of the American Church and Ministry for their complicity therewith; they love to disseminate his speeches and sermons on slavery, while *The Independent*, if its editors could have their way, would suppress them all; they have done and will still do their utmost to sustain him against open enemies and secret foes, while that journal has done and is still doing all that it dares to do to aid and comfort those who wish to drive him from his pulpit. If Dr. Cheever does not find in the article under review a confirmation of all that we have said, from time to time, of the duty resting upon him to cut at once and forever the ecclesiastical ties that bind him to a pro-slavery Church and Ministry, and, worse yet, to pro-slavery men wearing an anti-slavery cloak, then he has less sagacity or a stronger attachment to sect, than we have supposed. As to his relations with the American Board "as a *corporate member*," he should consider whether such membership, by putting a weapon in the mouths of such tricksters as Drs. Bacon and Thompson, does not directly and powerfully tend to nullify his testimony against the pro-slavery course of that body.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATURE, after passing a Personal Liberty bill through the preliminary stages and raising the hopes of the true friends of freedom that it would be duly enacted, suddenly took the back track and voted it down, 277 to 17. Having left the territory of the State open to the incursions of the man-hunters, it proceeded to announce some "glittering generalities" in the form of resolutions, hoping in that way to pacify the groaning anti-slavery sentiment of the people. What a wishy-washy sort of anti-slavery is that which the Republican party is constantly parading in proof of its fidelity to freedom.

KIDNAPPING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE following letter from *The Tribune* reveals facts of more than local interest. How long will the people of the North consent to remain in a Union which makes their soil a hunting-ground for kidnappers and involves a practical surrender of the means for self-protection?

PHILADELPHIA, June 20, 1859.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXL.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent meteorologizeth, philosophizeth and moralizeth—He reproveth the Editor for intermeddling with what concerneth him not—He giveth his own account of the battle over the body of Mr. Webster—And hinteth at the secret history of the spit—He giveth a description of the lecture and feats of strength of Dr. Windship—He welcometh a new holiday to the Yankee Kalendar—He showeth the good luck of the Battle of Bunker's Hill over other battles—He is just, but patriotic—His opinions as to holidays, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, June 27, 1859.

HAVE you had any rain lately, in your parts? We have had hardly anything else for an incredible number of days. At last, however, the sun shows us his shining morning face again, well washed, and all the tears of the last three weeks dried up. I suppose in about a month we shall be complaining of the drought, and wondering whether we shall ever have a drop of kindly heaven-water again. Indeed, I saw some dust yesterday—a sight I supposed I had taken a last farewell of. People say that we have never had such a season before. But, then, they always say so every year. The memory of man runneth not to a year back, and it is always wetter, or hotter, or colder, than we have ever known it to be before. But as I have noticed that we generally get average crops of all kinds, one year with another, I rather think that all these skiey influences are mingled and bestowed in about average proportions from year to year. This is, clearly, one of the cases in which Faith should come in to the assistance of Sight and make us easy in our minds under all sorts of outrages of weather, as well as under all other conditions over which we have no control.

I must say I like your impudence in the way in which you speak of our Webster Statue in your last paper. One would think, indeed, that you were the Metropolis of the country by the airs you give yourself. You say the importance of Mr. Webster was provincial, merely! I should like to know if he didn't invent Union-Saving and take out a patent for the same? Has not his invention proved of the most universal use and been everywhere adopted as essential to the manufacture of politics, the staple of our country? To speak of a man who has bestowed such a blessing on all portions of our common country in terms of disparagement is all one as if you should take in vain the name of Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, who, if Cotton be king (as he most unquestionably is), was the man of all others to whom he owes his throne. We are not going to stand hearing Mr. Webster spoken slightingly of, I can tell you. You may lay your account by that. I don't deny that we have had a slight row here about the place where to put his bronze counterfeit presentment, but is that any of your business, I should like to know?

In fact, Mr. Everett finds himself in a very unusual predicament. I mean, he finds himself in *a minority*. He has undertaken to prove that the Powers statue is not only a very fine statue, but that it is an uncommonly good likeness of the subject thereof, when he was in the prime of life. Now, there are some things that men are inclined to take on the evidence of their own senses, and this happens to be one of them. If there were ever any one thing as to which all kinds of people were of one accord, it is that this brazen image is an uncommonly ugly idol, as a work of art, and very unlike the original. I can myself recollect Mr. Webster as he looked from forty to fifty years of his age, and my recollections are very wrong (which, to do them justice, they very seldom are) if this statue conveys any just idea of him at that period of his life. He was an uncommonly well-looking man, and had not at all the look the statue would lead one to suppose he had, as if he smelt something particularly unpleasant just at the moment of projection. Still, though the majority of the Committee at the meeting last month rejected the plan for placing the statue in the State House yard, it will probably be worked over, so as to consent before long. Men have been going round feeling of them and finding which of them are soft, and I rather think this will be found true of the larger half. And this will probably be the sooner because of the quarter from which the opposition to the Everett plan arose, which was from the family interest which has deformed the city with the paralytic, drivelling Franklin in front of the City Hall. The idea which has gone abroad, that the opposition to the Powers statue has arisen from a wish to give a new job to the maker and founder of the Franklin one, will go far towards reconciling men to the Powers Webster as the least evil of the two. We can, at least, boast, after it is set up, of having the two worst statues in the known world. And that is something.

In my last letter I told you of the lecture of Dr. Windship on Physical Culture, which came to an untimely end, because he could not stand the bad air of the room in which it was to be delivered. He has since then, however, repeated it twice in the Music Hall, which contained air enough for his purposes. It was a very sensible, well-reasoned discourse on the importance of obedience to the physical laws of our nature, and especially to that of the muscular system. His own attention to the subject began when he was in college, seven or eight years ago. He was then a lad of the average strength of seventeen years, and he has brought himself up to his present point of physical force by a constant course of exercises judiciously selected for the purpose. He lifted in our presence a weight of 929 pounds, including the chain attached to the weights, which he affirmed was more than any man had ever lifted before, of whom there is any authentic account. Topham, who lived about a century ago, could lift between seven and eight hundred weight, and Bibin, the Belgian giant, eight hundred. It is recorded of Captain Barclay, who first performed the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, that he threw a thousand pound weight over his head. But, Dr. Windship said, it was evident from the account that it was not done with his hands alone, but with some mechanical assistance of straps or the like. The young doctor afterwards lifted himself by his little finger so as to bring his head above the point of suspension. He then played with his dumbbells of a hundred pounds weight each, and concluded by taking a barrel of flour in his hands and putting it on his shoulder and walking about the stage with it. Altogether, it was a very edifying occasion, as it showed how much could be done towards the development of the physical system by judicious gymnastics, though few would wish to carry its reinforcement to this high degree, and I trust it will give a new impulse to public attention in this wholesome direction.

Since I wrote last we have added a new holiday to our scanty stock of those necessaries of life. For the first time, I believe, the Seventeenth of June was marked in our Kalendars with a Red Letter. I am not sure whether it was general over the State or only confined to this neighborhood. Unluckily for the inauguration of the new Feast Day, the weather was the most cross-grained and contrary-minded that could be imagined. The schools did not keep, and even the bank and insurance companies (with one exception of each kind) stopped payment for the day, and many of the shops were closed. At Charlestown there was great preparation for glorification, as was fit, but the rain came down in so pronounced and unmistakable a way that much of the fun had to be indefinitely postponed. The battle of Bunker's Hill, by the way, has the singular good fortune to be one of the few that are gratifying to the vanity of both nations engaged in it. It has always, ever since it was fought, been reckoned (and justly) among the British victories, and is borne on the colors of the regiments engaged in it to this day. And yet we, who were most unequivocally licked and driven off the field, have built a monument in commemoration of the day, and I rather think the bulk of people who make speeches about it really think it was a glorious victory. It was a good many years after the fight before we began to find out that it was something to to be proud of; but we have been making up for it ever since, and it certainly was a plucky thing on the part of the Yankees to plan such a demonstration and maintain their ground as long as they did.

But anything that intercalates another holiday in our year of working-days is a good thing. All work and no play is as bad for Jonathan as for Jack; and though he cannot be justly accused of being "a dull boy," he is often punished for his incessant labors by a sharpness of mind and of feature that is almost as bad. The trouble is that we have so few that we don't know how to use them, yet. Every one has to be an imitation of that horrible Saturnalia, the Fourth of July, which almost makes one sorry that the old Signers escaped the hanging they risked in order that we might have it. The burning of gun-powder and the marching about the streets of a quantity of shop-boys and attorneys' clerks, disguised as organ-grinders' monkeys, with guns on their shoulders, seem to make up the sum of our holiday happiness. It is to be hoped that the healthy turn which fashion has lately taken in favor of athletic exercises will make them genuine days of play, such as is good for body and mind. Boat-racing, cricketing, base-ball-playing, which is the cricket of New England, have all come forward into general notice within a few years. The Turners' celebrations are good examples of how people may have a good time in a sensible way, and we may learn, one of these days, to profit by them. There is certainly much more intelligent attention paid to bodily exercises than there used to be, and we shall be much wiser than we now are when we shall have fully learnt that a good game of play is a better thing than any Fourth of July orations or than any amount of powder that can be exploded, as an expression of gratitude and a means of improvement.

D. Y.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....NO. VI.

PARIS, June 9, 1859.

THE last letter of your English correspondent gave me much satisfaction by expressing better than I could have done myself many of my own ideas concerning the actual complication of European affairs. Do not imagine that you in America are uninterested in this question. I know that the principles of the Abolitionists are comprehensive enough to include whatever touches the rights of humanity and the laws of civilization; but America has, in my opinion, an *immediate* interest in all that is now going on in Europe. In a philosophical point of view, it is evident to a good observer that new principles are always establishing themselves in the world—sometimes under the name of democracy, as in America; sometimes of autocracy, as in Russia; and again of Empire, as in France. The blindest politicians must have been struck with the sympathy which slaveholding America expressed in favor of Russia during the Crimean war, and with the extraordinary marks of favor shown by the late Nicholas to American travellers, and among the rest to Senator Douglas, who now wishes to take the lead of the American Democracy. The war of Louis Bonaparte, strange as it may seem, was followed by the closest alliance; and it is now clear that the French Empire prefers the support of Russian autocracy to the support of free and constitutional England. Now, at the risk of proving a false prophet, I foretell that the coming year will witness the alliance of Bonaparte with the Democratic party in America. What will be the price of this alliance I cannot pretend to say; perhaps Cuba, perhaps Central America, or perhaps a common hatred of England will suffice to bring together the French Empire and the slaveholding oligarchy of the United States. That the French Empire wishes to make war with England in case it succeeds in crushing and dismembering Austria, no one who has studied attentively the Bonapartian tactics can doubt. That he cannot carry on such a war without the alliance of Russia and the United States is also perfectly evident. We shall see, in the course of time, the immigration of negroes, and the right of search denied; another Charles et Georges affair will suffice, when the moment arrives, to furnish Bonaparte with a pretext. Notwithstanding the community of origin, I fear it would not be difficult to create difficulties between England and the United States. Louis Bonaparte has shown in these Italian affairs how he means to manage matters in order to fulfil his own ambitious plans.

These few remarks will be sufficient to give you an idea of the very extraordinary tendency of the actual state of things in France. Watch the language of the press, both in America and France, and you may already see the signs of what I now announce to you. These symptoms will become more and more evident. In fact, they are the conscious or unconscious expression of a new situation in the world. The reason of the policy followed or advocated by these new pretended friends of humanity is easily to be found: Every country has, as it were, a double life—one internal, one external. Whenever you see statesmen working to push their own nation into an exterior struggle, you may feel assured that they desire to divert the public mind from some great internal crime or suffering. The Russian nobles, who are in their hearts opposed with deadly determination to the emancipation of their serfs, and yet dare not openly to attack their sovereign's generous wish, are endeavoring with all their power to involve him in war, to push him against Turkey, to show him India as a prize to be won from the grasp of England. In France, the man who has crushed every civil liberty, and placed himself at the head of affairs by a series of abominable crimes, now tries to occupy the popular mind with tales of his victories. He gives his people no free press, no tribune, no freedom of association, and is therefore obliged to amuse them with the terrible games of his army. This is the necessity that makes a despot such a dangerous neighbor. In America, where the doctrines of non-intervention have been for so long a period a sort of constitutional principle, I begin to see signs of another spirit. I hear not a few Americans express a desire to mix with the complicated affairs of the old world. The spirit of war, of conquest, of annexation, is the true offspring, the natural consequence, of that revolting tyranny which keeps four millions of men in horrible bondage. In order to defeat the Abolitionists and to support for some years longer their political system, the slaveholders have no better means than to involve their country in war; and they will, I fear, succeed in doing so, if your people do not open their eyes in time to the action of their diplomacy.

I doubt not you have already received the news of the battle of Magenta, which was fought on the fourth of June. The allied troops were the conquerers, though at a fearful cost. How great were their losses we cannot exactly ascertain, and perhaps never shall. Of course, the French papers make out the losses as little as possible, but it cannot be wholly concealed that there was a fearful butchery on both sides. Two days after, the allies entered Milan, which was in a state of insurrection. Owing to the unparalleled heroism of Garibaldi, nearly all upper Lombardy is delivered from the Austrians, and those provinces have hastened to proclaim Victor Emanuel. Among the officers killed (the French army has lost an immense number) is the General Espinasse, late Minister of the Interior after the *attentat* of the 14th January last year. Another general has also been killed, and two others severely wounded. Since the news of this victory, we are almost without news from the seat of war, and it is only piece-meal that we can obtain a few details. Though the battle was uncommonly cruel and murderous, the French only succeeded in taking four cannons, and the Austrians took one from the French. An eminent military man predicted to me, a short time before the war, that the principal effect of the new cannon, which can be brought to bear at such tremendous distances, would be to bring the combatants closer; and the result would be a hand-to-hand fight with the bayonet; and the events have proved his conjecture to be correct. I fear all the news I give you now will seem singularly *découlu*, but, owing to the telegraphic wires being destroyed on the other side of the Ticino, we are really in a great state of uncertainty. We hear that Garribaldi has retaken Varece, and that, returned to Como, he is in regular correspondence with the King. He has outdone himself, and contributed in no small degree to the successes of the last two days.

Now I must tell you a very melancholy circumstance which has taken place in Tuscany, and which shows that the harmony existing all over Italy is not so unanimous as many would have us believe. This morning there appeared a proclamation of General Ulloa, dated from Florence, and so I can give you a few details of the affair. About a week ago, a company of one of the regiments at San Marcello rose against its officers, disarmed them and took them prisoners. The authors of the disorder were eight in number. The government took for a pretext the benediction of the banners, which took place on the 9th of May, to recall this company to Florence, but without any exhibition of force; yet no sooner had the company arrived in the fortress of La Bassa, and retired to the barracks, than two cannon were pointed against them, with the order to go out of the barracks without their arms. The guilty ones were sent to prison and a court-martial was held. The one most compromised was condemned to be shot, and two more, chosen by lot from the seven remaining, were to undergo the same fate, while the others are to expiate their fault by twenty years' imprisonment in irons. All comment is unnecessary on this barbarity. I only hope this account is the true one, as we have heard that it was the intention of General Ulloa to decimate the company.

Yesterday came the long-expected speeches of the Queen and Lord Derby at the opening of Parliament, the effect of which was a heavy fall in the funds. The new King of Naples begins his reign in the same spirit as that of his father. Nothing is changed, not one of the functionaries is displaced, not even M. Morone, who it was believed was at odds with the young Prince, and was so in fact before the death of the King. The most influential man, the President of the Council, is still M. Froja, brother of the historian. M. Froja is a very devout man and full of faith in Divine Providence. I therefore think that nothing will be changed in the system of so pious a King as the late Ferdinand, whose intercession must be now all-powerful to conjure the coming storm and save the dynasty. His opinion in all cases is that we must pray, and that only. Notwithstanding all this, England and France have decided to renew their diplomatic relations, and even all the Neapolitan emigration, with Poerio at their head, pardon the past persecutions and are ready again to serve at Naples an Italian King.

The new Ambassador is M. Brenier, who was also the last one.

TWENTY-FOURTH

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR,

AND

NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the city of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active cooperation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH A. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

PERSONAL.

Theodore Parker, writing to Francis Jackson of Boston from London June 3, says:

"I hope I am better, but the bad air of London makes me cough more than at Santa Cruz. But this may come from a cold which all people have when they leave a ship after a considerable voyage."

John Augustus, of Boston, whose efforts for the reform of criminals have made his name honorably familiar to our readers, died, a few days since, at the age of 74. He had faith in the power of kindness over even the worst of men, and we believe that he was the means of reforming many unfortunate and almost friendless persons, who, but for his interposition, would have been crushed by the relentless power of the law.

The Worcester *Spy* publishes an extract of a private letter from Charles Sumner, in which he says: "At last I feel happy in health, which, if not entirely assured, yet is such as to allow me to walk naturally, unconsciously, and without pain, unless when I strike into my old gait, which, you may remember, was always the fastest of the fastest. I hope I have not lost this so that I cannot get it back again. One must have been for three years an invalid to know the happiness in my new-found strength."

Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, who was a passenger on the steamer Arago, gives the following account of Dr. Bailey's last moments:

"I have sad news for my first letter. Dr. Bailey, the well-known editor of the *National Era* at Washington, died on board the *Arago* on Sunday last at a little past 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He came on board an invalid, and was hoping that relief from toil and change of scene would restore the strength and vigor which the incessant and strenuous labors of his profession had greatly impaired. I had known for some time before leaving New York that he was ill, but was surprised to find—as I saw him sitting upon deck just after passing Quarantine—how thin and pale and feeble he looked. I gathered from his conversation that he did not consider himself to be seriously ill—at least, that his lungs were not affected—but that a long continued dyspepsia, and the nervous excitement which his labors had induced, had combined to bring about the weakness under which he suffered. For the first two or three days he was upon deck for the greater part of the time. The weather was fresh, though not unpleasantly cold, and the sea not rough enough to occasion any considerable discomfort. The motion, however, affected him disagreeably. He slept badly, had no appetite and could relish nothing but a little fruit now and then. His eldest son was with him, and attended upon him with all a son's fond solicitude. Except myself, I do not think he had another acquaintance on board. He was cheerful, social, and talked with interest of everything connected with public affairs at home and abroad. He suffered some inconvenience from the fact that his room was below and that he could only reach it by descending two pairs of stairs. We occasionally made a couch of cushions for him upon deck, when he became fatigued—but this made him too conspicuous for his taste, and he seemed uneasily fearful of attracting attention to himself as an invalid.

"After Tuesday the sea became remarkably smooth, and so continued to the end of the voyage. But it brought him no relief—his strength failed with failing appetite, and on Thursday, from staying too long upon deck, he took cold, which kept him to his room next day. Otherwise he seemed about as usual, through that day and Saturday, and on Sunday morning seemed even better—saying that he had slept unusually well and felt strengthened and refreshed. He took some slight nourishment, and attempted to get up from his berth without assistance; the effort was too much for him, however, and his son, who had left the room at his request, but stood at the door, saw him fall as he attempted to stand. He at once went in, raised him and laid him upon the couch. Seeing that he was greatly distressed in breathing, he went immediately for Dr. Smith, the surgeon of the ship. I met him on deck, and hearing of his father's condition, went at once to his room. I found him wholly unconscious, breathing with difficulty, but perfectly quiet and seemingly asleep. Drs. Beadle and Dubois were present, and had endeavored to give him a stimulant—but he was unable to swallow, and it was evident that he was dying. He continued in this state for about half an hour—his breathing became slower and slower, until finally it ceased altogether, and that was all! Not a movement of a muscle—not a spasm or a tremor of any kind—betrayed the moment when his spirit took its departure. An infant, wearied with play on a summer's eve, could not have fallen asleep more gently. His remains were placed in ice and taken to Havre, from which they will be returned to New York by the Vanderbilt, which leaves on the 18th inst."

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune*.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd GARRISON, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMERCIAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

PRACTICAL REFORM.—The friends of morality in this city have established a "Young Men's Coffee and Reading Room" in the Fourth Ward, in the hope that it may prove an attraction to many of that class who might otherwise be tempted to spend their evenings in places of vicious resort. The Room was formally opened last week by addresses from H. W. Beecher and others. We gladly publish the following card of the Superintendent, and commend it to the attention of our readers:

YOUNG MEN'S COFFEE AND READING ROOM.

This enterprise, so important in its nature, promises well, auguring from its commencement. The friends of the movement can aid it, if not by money, by the donation of an entertaining book, a periodical, a picture for the wall, or an ornament for the room. The *Illustrated News*, London *Punch*, or any of the illustrated weekly newspapers, will be received thankfully. Every gift of this kind will help to make the room attractive.

ORVILLE GARDNER, Superintendent.

LECTURES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—J. M. McKim, Robert Purvis and Lucretia Mott addressed an anti-slavery meeting held at Newtown on Sunday last, which was largely attended and where much interest prevailed. Mr. McKim delivered an anti-slavery lecture on Tuesday evening last at Wemelsdorf, Berks County, where, though we have not heard, we doubt not he was well received by his old friends. He is to speak next Tuesday evening, the 5th of July, at Lockhaven, Clinton County, and the following evening at Benezet, Elk County.

Summary.

Professor Longfellow has presented to the Portland Natural History Society a fine portrait of Alexander von Humboldt, painted by Mr. Wright, of Boston.

An operation was performed upon the eyes of Jefferson Davis, in Washington, a few days ago, by which his sight, with the loss of which he has been threatened for several years past, was much improved.

The Boston *Transcript* has the following: "Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, in his *Trumps*, has sketched some well-remembered characters in this vicinity of a past generation in a manner that has given offence to their relatives. The incidents woven in the story are said to have occurred while the Howadji was at school at Jamaica Plains.

The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, pastor of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in New York, has communicated to Fred. Douglass a challenge to discuss the merits of the African Civilization Society in New York, Geneva, Rochester, Boston, or Newport, on the 5th of July. This challenge is subject to acceptance by either Mr. Douglass or James McCune Smith, both of whom have taken ground against the society, of which Mr. Garnet is President.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.—The Brooklyn *Daily Times* publishes the following:

"So constant and lavish is the adulation bestowed by Mr. Beecher's admirers on all he says and does that we verily believe that if the 'Star preacher' suffered the agonies of *delirium tremens*, and his ravings were taken down by a stenographer and published, they would be received, read and valued by his admirers as pure gospel."

SLAVE TRADE MEETING IN SAVANNAH.—A very large meeting of the citizens of Savannah and vicinity was lately held in that city, to listen to an address on the policy of re-opening the African slave trade. "At the close of the address," says the *News*, "resolutions in favor of the repeal of all laws, State and Federal, against the importation of African slaves, and recommending the opening of the trade, were offered and adopted without a dissenting voice."

THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES.—The Cork *Reporter*, as many persons may be anxious to know what has become of the Neapolitan exiles, publishes a letter from Turin, which the Duke of Cabalino has written to a friend of his in Queenstown. He says: "Poerio joined me here on the 16th of last month. He is well. Our mutual friend Mollia is surgeon to a corps of volunteers, and is now at Florence. Many of our companions have entered the Sardinian service—Dono as an apothecary, Ricci as a captain, Pace and others as soldiers."

Senator Douglas was presented with a cane on Friday morning, by Mayor Haines, in behalf of the citizens of the Tenth Ward of Chicago. *The Journal* says the cane is of oak, of large dimensions, and of very curious workmanship. It is covered with figures and devices—figures of Washington and Douglas in bold relief; eagles, clusters of grapes, liberty-caps, horns of plenty, star-spangled banners, cannons, drums, trumpets, &c. The handle of the cane is a huge horn of plenty. Over the head of Douglas is the inscription, "People's Sovereignty." The work was all done with a knife.

Mr. Wright, American Embassador at the Court of Berlin, has offered 50,000 thalers for the library left by Alexander von Humboldt. It is not probable that, under the pressure of the present times, he will meet with many, if any, competitors in Prussia or Germany. The inheritor of these literary treasures is the late valet of the deceased philosopher, who, from the nature of his circumstances, cannot be expected to wait any length of time for the realization of the bequest. Thus it is probable that the tools and implements, as it were, of the greatest mind-workman of modern Europe will be removed to the United States.

Oliver Wendell Holmes sent two poetical letters to the "Post-office" of an Episcopal Fair at Pittsfield. In one of them the first stanzas was:

"Fair lady, whosoe'r thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And—hush, O hush, my breathing heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf," there was found a one dollar bill, with some verses beginning:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter,
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And nought (0) can make thee love it better (10)."

THE BURNS CENTENARY.—We copy the following paragraph from the *Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record*, the organ of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It is a resolution passed at the Presbytery of London, Canada West, reflecting in very strong language on the conduct of those churchmembers who assisted in celebrating the late Burns Centenary:

"That in view of the part which several office-bearers and members of the Church of Christ have taken in the late anniversary of the poet Burns, this court cannot refrain from expressing its unqualified disapprobation of their conduct; believing that all such celebrations tend to lower the tone of public morals, and lend a powerful influence to a corrupting literature."

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—Maryland has a newspaper circulation of 224,000—the largest of any of the slave States. Massachusetts has a circulation of 715,960. Its circulation is nearly equal to that of all the Southern States. New York has a circulation considerably more than double that of all the slave States.

At the South more than one-half the papers are political; at the North, less than one-third. The number of copies of neutral and independent papers printed in a year, in the slave States, is 8,000,000; and in the free States, 79,000,000; of the religious in the slave States, 4,000,000, and in the free States 29,000,000. The number of copies of scientific papers printed in the fifteen Southern States is 372,000, the number in Massachusetts alone is 2,000,000. The religious papers number in New York alone, 12,000,000, annually; the neutral and independent papers in Pennsylvania, 21,000,000.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN WASHINGTON.—On last Monday evening a colored woman, named Agnes Robinson, and her child Mary, were arrested in this city on a warrant issued by Judge Merrick, of the Circuit Court, on proof furnished from Washington County, Maryland, and directed to Marshal Selden, as the act of September, 1850, requires, representing that the said woman had escaped from servitude in said county some years since, and had been living in Washington City. Mr. David Wilmer was the claimant, and on his behalf it was argued by John H. McCutchen, and for the defendant Walter D. Davage, in chambers before Judge Merrick. The forms of the Fugitive Slave act were complied with, and Judge Merrick remanded the woman back to Hagerstown, Md., where the question of their right to freedom must be determined, the Judge having, of course, no power to decide that point.—*Washington States, 24th ult.*

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.—The Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott (Old School Presbyterian), formerly of New Orleans, now of San Francisco, Cal., has published an elaborate and strong defence of the proposition that the Bible cannot constitutionally be used in schools supported by the State. In the preface the author says: "I am opposed to any statute to compel me or my child to read or hear the Bible read anywhere, or that shall compel my neighbor, or his child, to hear or read the Bible anywhere, contrary to his wishes and the honest convictions of his conscience." He examines the question in every point of view, and arrives at the conclusion that State schools must abolish the Bible and forms of worship, while religious education of children must be obtained at home, in the Sabbath school and in the church.

FREE LABOR IN ST. GENEVIEVE, MO.—The newly-elected Mayor, J. F. St. James, of St. Genevieve, Mo., uses the following language in his inaugural address:

"At a time when everything indicates an early change in the institutions of the State, consequent on the decline of the fatal Southern prejudices which have so long obtained—resulting in a large influx of emigration from the prosperous States of the North—it is both the duty and interest of the citizens of those towns lying on the great highway over which they must pass to give an assurance not only of protection to person and property, but of warm sympathy in their principles. It affords me pleasure to state on the part of our citizens that no such prejudices against free white labor, as characterize some of our Missouri river towns, is tolerated here—that men of all climes and principles will find a hearty welcome at our hands."

NEW MOVEMENT AT OBERLIN.—On the evening of June 15, a large number of the citizens of Oberlin met, and perfected an organization called the Sons of Liberty, and declared as follows: "The immediate object of the organization is to raise funds for the present contest, and to extend and direct the action of anti-slavery principles here and elsewhere." The following was among the resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That, in accordance with the suggestions of the mass meeting recently held at Cleveland, and to carry those suggestions into effect, the Executive Committee of this Society are hereby empowered and instructed to enter upon such a system of operations in raising funds and sending forth lecturers as in their judgment may be necessary for aiding our imprisoned friends and calling the attention of the people to the odious character of the Fugitive Slave law, and the danger to which their liberties are exposed from its encroachments.

ÆRIAL TRAVELLING.—Prof. Wise and Messrs. C. H. Gager and John Lamontain are making arrangements for travelling from St. Louis to the Atlantic coast in a balloon. They are confident of success, and that they will ere long be able to take an aerial voyage across the ocean. Prof. Wise says he has demonstrated that at a distance of from three to four miles from the earth there is a current of wind blowing from west to east, which is constantly the same, never varying in its direction and rarely in the rate of velocity. The aeronauts will chose a mild day, and start late in the afternoon, travelling all night, and expecting to reach terra firma somewhere on the ocean shore between Boston and New York early next day, when they will distribute a few copies of the Missouri *Republican* of the previous morning to the wondering natives—*provided* nothing happens to interfere with the success of the trip.

EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA was never brisker than at this time. I saw yesterday a band of hale, well-to-do Quakers on an exploring tour over Virginia after farms. They were not men of small means, but were wealthy, and expected to carry on large farms on the scientific principle, and with free labor. There are already locations in Virginia where Northern sentiments and habits prevail. A dozen miles from Alexandria there is a settlement of Northern farmers. A slaveholder in the town complained, not long since, that these farmers "were Abolitionists," and threatened that the old residents would make the place too hot for them. A Northerner, to whom this threat was made, replied: "Try on your Lynch law the moment you please—but take care that it isn't you that get the worst of it." The fact was that the Northern farmers in the town greatly outnumbered the other inhabitants. There is another village, but a little way from Washington, where a Northern colony has built its church and school-house, and have made a New England town out of a sandy plain. The rage is not so much for cheap Western lands of late as for land near good markets in Virginia.—*Wash. Cor. Eve. Post.*

AVOIDING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal Brother Crump brought upon himself by drinking too much, and especially regretted the injury it brought to society at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's, and found the old man in a doze in the little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor. "Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece. "Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that sperits is a blessin'?" "Yes," replied Noel, "sperits is a blessin' that some of us abuse." "Well, now, Brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessin'?" "Well, it is hard to say—but people talk—don't you think that you drink a little too much, Brother Crump?" "It is hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was a drinkin' too much and then again I'd think *maybe not*. What is man? A weak *wormum* of the dust? So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was a goin' too far in sperits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him; I prayed of I was drinkin' too much for him to take away my appetite for sperits. I've prayed that prayer three times, and he hain't done it. So I am clear of the 'sponsibility anyway."

ATTEMPT AT ABDUCTION.—Jim, a slave of Mr. Nathaniel E. Goodrich, prevailed upon Francis Mitchell, porter on board the steamship Marion, to secrete him on board the ship, preparatory to an escape to New York. The price agreed upon was $50 and a mocking bird. The boy was secreted early Wednesday morning.

Mr. John Ryan, steward of the ship, discovering that the fugitive was on board, informed Captain Foster of the fact. Capt. Foster and the steward immediately visited the place of concealment for Jim. The porter had not the key; had lost or mislaid it. Capt. Foster opened the door with a pass-key, discovered Jim, whom he immediately apprehended. The steward laid hold upon Mitchell, and both were thus secured. The negro and his friend were given in charge of Mr. Moses Levy, one of the State inspectors of vessels bound to New York, who conveyed them to the guard-house. The negro was delivered to his master, who had him suitably punished at the work-house.

Mitchell was subsequently brought before Mr. Magistrate Kirwood, who, upon the affidavit of Mr. Levy, committed him to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury, now in session. Mitchell is a young man, unmarried, the sole support of a widowed mother in New York, where he himself belonged.

The prompt action of Capt. Foster and his steward deserve high commendation. It is impossible that, under the strict surveillance exercised on board the steamships hence to New York, a fugitive can succeed in his plans for a free passage to that port.

The want of consummation in the scheme lowers the crime of Mitchell to a misdemeanor, although he accomplished all that was in his power. The penalty we understand to be fine and imprisonment.—*Charleston Mercury, 23d ult.*

FOREFATHERS' MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.—The *Plymouth Rock*, June 23, says: The workmen are making good progress in laying the foundation of the Pilgrim Monument, some six hundred tons of Quincy granite being already embedded. The foundation itself comprises three tiers of stone, all laid in hydraulic cement, and, as one after another the courses rise upon each other in solid masonry, one is strongly impressed with the idea that nothing short of the "trump of doom," when "there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down," will shake this "monumental pile" to its base. The "Monument to the Forefathers," we assure the public, is now fairly and earnestly commenced, and on the first of August the corner stone, the gift of some gentleman in Quincy, and already wrought, will be laid with appropriate ceremonies, amid the demonstrations of the public. The corner stone itself will be laid with Masonic ceremonies by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and it is said,

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

"THE DEW OF THY YOUTH."—*Psalm* 110: 3.

Inscribed to M. A. G., of Philadelphia.

I've heard it said by some, no longer young and gay,
That for them the gladd'ning loveliness of Life had pass'd away:
Their pleasures now were few; their affections very calm;
They only wish'd henceforth for quiet, as a *balm*.
But 'tis not thus with me: tho' many years I've told,
My heart has not begun to feel this growing old.

And yet my brow is furrow'd by lines of grief and care,
And "silver threads of goodness" are gathering in my hair;
So much has pass'd before me, so many things I've seen,
I feel as I were almost some patriarch evergreen;
Yet an autumn and a winter I never can behold,
While the Inner Life blooms freshly, and is not growing old.

Forth go I on my morning walk, and love sweet Nature still,
As when I first pick'd buttercup, my tiny hands to fill;
I love the fields and trees, the birds and garden-flowers,
Just as I did when they were all fresh things of Life's fresh hours;
The morning-streaks of crimson, the purple-border'd West,
Still with their radiant glory can make me richly blest;
"My heart leaps up to see the rainbow in the sky,"
As when in all its brightness I saw it first on high;
And if the lapse of years must make us hard and cold,
I still am young in life, and never *can* grow old.

For yet it seems but yesterday since my dear mother smiled
Upon me, as she fondly said, "God bless my little child!"
And when from some dear voices I hear a cheering word
Of gentle, kind approval, I'm like a little bird
Fluttering among the branches with joyful, quivering wings,
Or treasuring up its *straws*, as precious, sacred things:
'Twas said to me but lately (it was the other day)—
"How like a child you are! at trifles pleas'd and gay."
Yes! tho' my heart has had more griefs than it could hold,
It rises from their ashes—and is not growing old.

Cometh there not hereafter a heaven and earth all new,
No thorns among its flowers, no cloud upon its blue?
No suffering dust to cumber the living spirit's way,
No aching struggle with the ills which cling to it in clay?
When centuries on centuries their onward course have told,
Which of the happy dwellers *there* will fear a growing old?

Salem, N. J., April 8, 1859. A. W. M.

LETTERS FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

FLORENCE, May 3, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS: I closed my letter to you yesterday with the intention of giving you, in this, a full description of the Etruscan tomb, and an account of the remainder of our journey to Florence. But the important event which has just transpired here indisposes me to write about anything else. Besides, there is a very exact account of the Tomb in my guide book, of which I shall be able to avail myself after my return; whereas the events of to-day are nowhere recorded.

We met evidences of the Revolution, which has commenced in Tuscany, the day before we reached this city. On Friday evening, indistinct rumors came to our ears at Perugia. All day Saturday we heard, from time to time, by the communications made to our vetturino, that something important had happened. But the next day, on our arrival at Arezzo, a large city, forty miles from Florence (the birth-place of Mecænas, of Petrarch and of other men distinguished in the history of ancient and modern Italy), we were fully assured that a revolution had actually taken place in the government of Tuscany. We drove into the city about 10 o'clock. The street through which we passed was full of people. But it was Sunday, and we at first thought they might be on their ways to the churches. Soon, however, we observed tri-colored cockades on the hats of many, and similar badges on the bosoms or wrists of others. There appeared tri-colored flags waving from the balconies of several houses, and at length we espied a similar one floating proudly from a lofty bell-tower. There could be no longer a doubt that Tuscany had declared for the independence of Italy, and for union with Sardinia in her effort to break the yoke of Austria.

We alighted from our coach in the principal street, in order to visit an imposing church that stood hard by, and go up to the magnificent cathedral not far off. Immediately our attention was drawn to a placard, in front of a large, official building, which the people were eagerly reading. From them we obtained a full statement of the momentous fact, that the Grand Duke had departed from Tuscany, and a provisional government was appointed in his stead. The independence of Italy was declared to be indispensable, and the people were exhorted to union, determination and trust in God.

"Vive la Italia," "Vive la independence di Italia," seemed to be the salutation given and received by the people hurrying to and fro. The soldiers, too, whom we met had most of them mounted the revolutionary cockade. And, as we were passing out of the city, we saw, painted in large letters upon the wall of what appeared to be a military station, the significant words, "Vive Italia! Vive Vittore Emanuel!!"

We drove twenty miles further that afternoon; and every village through which we passed, and every group of persons we met, seemed all alive in the cause of Italy.

We put up for the night at a hotel in the main street of the town of Incisa, twenty miles from Florence. Here we found the spirit of revolution quite rampant. Forty young men, we were told, had just gone off to enlist in the army of Piedmont, and almost every one that we saw had mounted, on his hat or breast, the badge of revolution. All the inhabitants seemed to be in the streets or looking out of their windows; and young men, in companies, were marching to and fro, singing, in grand harmony, songs of independence and liberty. Until a late hour in the night we heard their fine voices swelling the chorus of their patriotic song.

Yesterday morning we left Incisa at 6 o'clock, and made the best of our way to this city, impatient to hear more about this movement, which is the precursor of so much weal or woe to oppressed and priest-ridden Italy.

We soon had, on entering Florence, full confirmation of the report we had heard on our way hither. Almost every man we met supported the tri-colored cockade; and the flag of revolution was flying not only from the houses of many private citizens, but also from the lofty tower of the old Ducal Palace. One thought, one feeling seemed to have taken possession of the whole population. They all looked joyous, exultant, and yet they were not vociferous. Nothing opposed the current of public sentiment, and so it flowed on quietly, though in full tide.

In due time we established ourselves at the best English boarding-house in the city, and soon gathered from the gentlemen whom we met at table all the particulars of the Revolution of the 27th of April.

The Grand Duke has long been very unpopular. In 1848 he fled from his dominions, and was reinstated here only by the force of Austrian arms. He came back in 1850, and gave to his people a constitution, which accorded to them some of the rights which they demanded. But so soon as he thought himself to be securely established again, he tore up the constitution, and, as it is said, threw it in the people's faces. Supposing him to be able to maintain himself on his throne, most of the Austrian troops were withdrawn from Tuscany, being needed elsewhere. It then became more and more apparent that the Italians here, not less than further north, were jealous of Austria, and were impatient with a government that rested upon Austria for its support. Manifest signs were given of a disposition on the part of the Tuscan people to make common cause with the Piedmontese. Not a few had gone and enlisted in their army.

As the plot thickened in the North, the Grand Duke became less at ease in his palace. Apprehensions of insurrection troubled his dreams. Accordingly, the General-in-Chief (an Austrian) of his army, about a fortnight ago, summoned the troops about him, and endeavored to ascertain whether they were to be depended upon in case the people should rise in rebellion against the Duke. He was soon satisfied that the troops were in sympathy with the people. He therefore at once resigned, and, I believe, left Italy, and the command of the Tuscan army devolved upon a Tuscan general.

On the morning of the 27th, a deputation of gentlemen of high standing waited upon the Grand Duke, and demanded that he should restore to the people the constitution, and unite with the King of Sardinia in his attempt to deliver Italy from foreign power. The Duke replied that he was in the interest of the Emperor of Austria, and could not comply with their demand. They then insisted that he should abdicate in favor of one of his sons, who was known to be inclined to espouse the cause of Italy; and they gave him a short time to make up his mind.

The Grand Duke sent for the General of his army and directed him to *bombard* the city. "I can do no such thing," was his reply. "You can go and issue that order to the army, if you think they will obey you; but I am an Italian, and cannot give such a command. I will protect your person, but I will not fight against my country."

The Grand Duke found that his power was at an end. So, before night, he and all his family quietly left the beautiful city of Florence and made the best of their way to Vienna.

The next morning a provisional government of three well-known patriotic gentlemen was announced to the people from the balcony of the Ducal Palace. The national flag was hoisted to the top of the lofty tower, where had floated the Duke's flag. His coat-of-arms was quietly taken down from the front of his palace. The insignia of his hated dominion were removed from all parts of the city, and the tri-colored flag flung to the breeze everywhere, and the tri-colored rosette fastened upon the hats or the breasts of the people.

Those who were here to witness it assure us it was a most interesting and affecting scene. The people were transported with joy, but were not uproarious in their expressions of delight. They embraced one another; they danced; they marched hand-in-hand about the streets, singing their patriotic songs.

Enlistments of soldiers have been going on busily ever since, and every day many have gone to offer their services to the King of Sardinia. It has been most affecting to witness the struggle between personal attachment and patriotic feeling, in the countenances of the wives, mothers, sweethearts, who have been daily called to part with their husbands, sons and lovers, who were going to fight, and, alas! perhaps to die in the cause of Italy.

All are listening with eager expectation for the reports that may come any hour of important occurrences between the opposing armies, that are known to be within a few miles of each other. Both the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Austria are said to be in the field. Large forces are gathered on each side. If the conflict commences, God only knows when and how it will end. All Europe will probably get embroiled. God grant that Austria may yet be wise enough to stay her hand and not make the fatal move.

FLORENCE, May 12, 1859.

We have not been, on the whole, so much delighted with Florence as we expected to be. It is probably our fault, or our incapacity to enjoy every place as much as some places. The fact is, we were so intensely interested in Rome, and were so reluctant to leave it, that we did not get into the humor to be pleased with Florence until our visit here was half over. The streets of this city are wider, better paved, cleaner than the streets of Rome. The houses generally have a more cheerful aspect. There are two very fine galleries of paintings here, and monuments and statues of some of the most illustrious artists, philosophers and poets Italy has ever produced. But there is no St. Peter's in Florence, nor Coliseum, nor Catacombs; and I have come to the conclusion that every other city ought to be visited (if visited at all) before one goes to Rome.

BOLOGNA, May 14.

You may be surprised to hear that we have concluded to visit Venice, if we can, notwithstanding the embroiled state of the country. We knew there would be no such thing as getting out of Italy in any way without some inconvenience, if not danger. And finding that a number of Americans and other travellers had taken this route, and being assured by our banker in Florence, by the American Consul and Prussian Minister, that there would be little or no danger in visiting Venice, we concluded not to forego the pleasure of seeing "*The Bride of the Sea.*" So yesterday morning at 7 o'clock we left Florence; were taken twenty miles on the railroad; and at a city called Pistoia we packed ourselves into a diligence, with sixteen others, for a ride of more than fifty miles over the Appenine Mountains.

Now a diligence, you must know, is a vehicle of peculiar construction, and singular capacity. It is like two stout coaches, one before the other, with a covered seat—the coupe—for three in front, behind the driver, and another for as many more upon the top of that. Ours was one of the best of its kind; and I wish you could have seen us when we and all our fellow-passengers were stowed away in it with our baggage on top—thirty hundred in all. J. E. and F. S., and I, with an Austro-American, and an Italian gentleman and lady, occupied the forward half of the coach. In the hinder part were an Austro-American gentleman and lady, with four boys under 12 years of age, and a servant man to help take care of them, as the father was in very poor health. In the coupe were a pleasant-looking young American lady and gentleman, with an Italian girl, and on the top were their courier, our conductor and another Italian.

Two or three miles from Pistoia, we commenced the ascent of the mountains, and continued to ascend, with occasional levels, for five hours. Sometimes the aclivity was quite steep; but, for the most part, it was about the same as from Mr. Coggswell's to our house. At the foot of the mountain two yoke of oxen were hitched on before our team of four horses; and when we had attained to about one-half of the ascent, all these were released from their service, and seven horses, with a yoke of oxen, were put on instead. The road was excellently well made, as all the great post roads in Italy are, and was laid so zigzag up the mountain that we were continually seeing the city of Pistoia, first on one side and then on the other, until we had actually reached the top and commenced descending on the other side. Our progress was of course slow—at *oxen pace*—but our senses were continually regaled by sublime and beautiful prospects, and by the fresh mountain air.

Our descent was much more rapid—the horses having nothing to do but keep away from the carriage. But it was late before we reached Bologna, so late that we were all weary, and came unanimously to the conclusion that it would not do to undertake as long a ride the following day. It was 12 1-2 o'clock when we drove into the yard of the Diligence office, and then we must wait until our passports and baggage were examined before we were at liberty to go to our hotel. It was 2 o'clock before we were abed and asleep. But we found ourselves in excellent quarters at "Grand Hotel Brun," and slept well until a late hour the next morning.

We commenced our surveys of the city of Bologna, and our examination of the objects of interest in it, about 10 o'clock. And soon were we right glad that we had not hurried on without stopping there.

Bologna is a large and very interesting city, second in importance to Rome only, in the Papal dominions. The streets are broader, but not so well paved as those of Rome. And on one side of many of them, and on both sides of not a few, there are fine, broad, smooth sidewalks, overhung and sheltered by the second stories of the houses, which project over them and rest upon colonades, ten, twelve and fifteen feet high, many of them very handsome. Then there are several fine churches in the city, excellent galleries of paintings, a university of great age, and once of the highest reputation; an observatory well supplied with astronomical instruments, and which has often contributed much to the advancement of that noble science. All these we visited with great satisfaction; and from the top of the observatory we had a view of the suburbs of the city, which appeared to us quite as beautiful as those of Florence.

VENICE, May 16.

The next morning at 8 o'clock we were embarked on board the diligence for Padua. We had secured for this trip our places in the coupe, which we found to be far more agreeable than the inside coach, for we were able to see before us, and on either side, as well as if we had been in an open carriage. The road all the way to Padua was level and excellently well made, so that we got along at the rate of six or eight miles per hour, very easily to the horses as well as ourselves. For the whole distance we passed through vineyards, and fields of wheat and hemp, with an occasional interlude of Indian corn and other vegetables or grass. The country is low as well as level, so that in many parts, for long distances, the road is laid upon a causeway eight or ten feet above the fields, and sometimes, for several miles together, as straight as a bee-line. The fields are cultivated in beds about three feet wide, with very narrow foot-paths between them, so that cultivators—men, women and children—pass between and weed the wheat and hemp as diligently as we weed our onion beds. Not a weed, therefore, was to be seen in all these fields. Although the Italians appear to be an indolent people, the whole face of the country shows that the peasantry must be diligent and patient. Not only do they cultivate the level, rich plains in the manner I have attempted to describe, but the mountain sides, along which we passed on our road from Florence to Bologna; and the still more precipitous and less fertile mountains that we saw south of Naples were terraced and planted with vines or olive trees.

For the first time, since we came to Italy, we saw beehives on our ride to Padua. They were only hollowed logs, covered with pieces of board. These, together with the distaffs, the ploughs, hoes, shovels, axes that we have seen, show that the laboring people here are left to do their hard work with the poorest tools and instruments. These are little, if any, better than they were thousands of years ago. Nor will the tools they use be improved until the operatives themselves shall be educated, enlightened and so quickened to invent for themselves, or demand of others, better instruments for hand-work and labor-saving machines.

We reached Ferrara at 1 o'clock, and stopped long enough to dine. It has become a disconsolate-looking place. Where once there were 100,000, there are now less than 30,000 inhabitants; and the empty houses and grass-grown streets tell of departed activity and former thrift. Ferrara was the birth-place of Ariosto, and the scene of Tasso's trials and sufferings. The prison in which he was confined seven years still stands, not far from our hotel; but we had no time to visit it.

Our ride from Ferrara to Padua, fifty-two miles, was easy, but rather monotonous. So long as there was light enough to see, the country appeared very similar to that through which we had passed before dinner—wide, extended plains, lying, for the most part, ten feet below the wide, straight post-road over which we travelled.

At intervals, both morning and evening, it rained. We were glad to see that the peasantry, on their way to and from church, were pretty well supplied with umbrellas. But we were not a little diverted by the huge size of these conveniences. They could hardly warrant the diminutive name given them. They might be called umbras rather than umbrellas.

A few miles from Ferrara we came to the famous river Po. It was as wide as the Hudson at Troy, but appeared to be not so deep. There was a good many small, clumsy-looking vessels lying along the banks of the river. And across it was stretched a line of little boats, thirty or forty feet apart, evidently attached to each other. What this meant, at first, I could not discover. But in due time our diligence was drawn on board a large, rudely constructed ferry-boat, which I then perceived was attached to a stout rope that rested upon the line of little boats. So soon as the ferry-boat was swung off, we were taken by the current of the river, and, while held by the slack rope that rested upon the line of little boats, we were driven to the other side. Immediately at the landing-place was the government station of the Austro-Italian dominions. So we were detained a long while, that our passports and baggage might be examined with a scrutiny we had not before experienced in any place.

We reached Padua at half-past 11, sufficiently weary to have enjoyed a good bed. But we learned that the only railroad train by which passengers were now allowed to go to Venice would pass Padua at 3 o'clock in the morning. So we thought it best not to undress. We took an excellent cup of coffee, with good bread, in the nicest caffe we have seen in Europe, and lingered upon its comfortable sofas until half-past 1 o'clock, when almost everybody else had left, and then removed our sleepy heads to the nice diligence we had come in, and there reposed until we were called to take our places in the coach that had been engaged to carry us to the railroad station. Though we were punctual, the train was not. It did not arrive until 5 o'clock. All movements on the road, as well as everything else, and everybody in the dominions of the belligerent parties, are subordinated to the fearful war that has just commenced. However, we found the dépôt an excellent one; so, having purchased our tickets for Venice, and attended to the weighing of our baggage, we laid ourselves down upon the ample settees in the waiting-room, and, with our carpet-bags for pillows, courted sleep again until the cars should come, in the midst of Italians and Austrians, who, notwithstanding their unintelligible lingo, had the form, the features, and, we did not doubt, the kind feelings also of fellow-beings. Americans may travel throughout these troubled regions, we believe, without intended molestation, though not without considerable inconvenience. It is known both to the Italians and Austrians that our country is so situated that she cannot conveniently, and her policy such that she has no inducement to meddle with the quarrels of European nations. Her citizens therefore may go where they please, without suspicion, and with personal safety, if they keep out of the way of the direct conflict.

The ride from Padua to Venice occupied about two hours, over a fine road, upon a perfect level, and through vineyards, and wheat and other grain fields, which stretched out for miles on either side.

We arrived at Venice about 7 o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a hard shower. The dépôt is a comfortless one—about as bad as the one at Albany ever was, but, like that, is in the process of being made better. Under the guidance of J. E., we were soon in a good gondola, and in due time were brought through the Grand Canal and a number of smaller *water* streets to this good *Hotel Victoria*. We were sorry to find the house empty. The travellers who have come here have gone away for fear of the war; and the hundreds who might otherwise, as usual, visit this peculiar city, will this year stay away. So the gondoliers will have to rest upon their oars; the hotel keepers live upon the gain of the past, or the hopes of the future. Yours truly, S. J. MAY.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

JAMIE AND HANNAH.

The old man sat in his oaken chair;
The west wind played with his silvered hair,
And the leaves flew over the lawn;
His memory leaped o'er many a year,
To the days that were past and gone.

The aged wife, with furrowed brow,
And mild blue eye, sat by him now,
As the shadows of eve came on;
Together they wept; together they talked
Of the days that were past and gone.

Nearer and nearer the old man drew;
His arm about her neck he threw,
As in life's summer morn:
"Wife, are you thinking with me of the times,
Of the days that are past and gone?

"Do you see the farm-yard, where we played;
And the old waste garret, where we stayed
And listened to the roar of the storm?"
"Yes, my Jamie, I was thinking with you
Of the days that are past and gone.

"Do you see, Jamie dear, thro' the old kitchen door,
My poor mother, wearied with washing the floor,
While I whiled away all the morn?
But she's dead, and we can't live over again
The days that are past and gone."

"Yes," said the old man, dropping a tear,
"Your poor mother died at the close of the year,
And the clods covered o'er her cold form.
Thro' many a year, you and I have jogged on,
Since the days that are past and gone."

The shadows of evening were gathering fast,
As Jamie and Hannah wept over the past;
And the leaves flew over the lawn;
And the spirits listened, and smiled as they spoke
Of the days that were past and gone. J. H. M.

A PASSENGER'S LOG.

I SUPPOSE every passenger, when about to make a sea-voyage, is comforted with the assurance that his ship stands A1 at Lloyd's, and is built of British oak. I can, at all events, say, from my experience, that almost every emigrant with whom I have come in contact infallibly believes that the vessel in which he is to embark is something unusual as to strength, and at some time in its history had made the "shortest passage" on record. The passengers who embarked for New York in the Welsh Mountaineer, on the 11th of June in the year of our Lord 1851, could not be comforted by the latter assurance, for it was her first voyage; but the A1 at Lloyd's and the British oak were thrust into the minds of passengers by large placards and persevering agents. Moreover, all C—— went out to see her launched, for never before in the maritime history of the town had she had the honor of launching a bark upwards of 700 tons burden. As I had taken a cabin-passage in this vessel, and had watched her building, from the setting of the keel to the nailing of the deck-planks, I went to see how she would take to the water. All C—— were, however, destined to be disappointed; for, after a great deal of hammering and shouting, the ship moved on the slips as if about to take to the water gallantly, but the shouting of the crowd suddenly stopped by her stopping abruptly when half-way down, and refusing to stir. A little knot of old sailors shook their heads ominously, and declared that they never knew a ship make a passage that stuck in the launching. The sequel will prove whether they were right. She was, however, got into the water a day or two after, though no one was there to see; and a little while afterwards a busy steam-tug towed her into the open channel.

I suppose every one who leaves Old England in the distance has a friend to say "Good-bye" to, and so the tug was loaded with anxious parents and nervous lovers. As I was going out to recruit shattered health, I formed no exception to the rule, and must confess that when we rounded the roadstead headland, its scenes of alabaster danced fitfully through farewell tears. It was pleasant to us all that we did not at once go into open sea, but passed the Channel between the shores with a favoring breeze. Old England disappeared at last in the fading light of the next day, and we were left to the consolation that the huge waves that dashed past us broke upon home shores. After a while, on that same evening, the light streamed on the deck from the round-house window and looking in, I saw the captain studying his chart, and marking out our path upon the high seas. I had leisure for the first time to regard him attentively. I have seen many better figures than his, for he was short and thick-set, and a little round-shouldered, but a handsomer face it would be hard to find anywhere; and certainly, according to the old phrase, "a braver man never trod a deck" than Captain Gilbert of the Welsh Mountaineer. I saw him afterwards when the gale raged round him, and his voice could hardly be heard in the wild chorus of wind and wave, yet his words and his glance were as kingly as that of the men whom history celebrates for breasting storms ashore.

On looking about me, I found that I had only one companion in the cabin—a lady who was going to America to see her uncle. All the rest of the passengers, to the number of about fifty, were emigrants seeking a home in the New World. For four or five days I had little else to do than to make note mentally—for I found a journal too tedious—of such little incidents as occurred on deck, to watch the sea in its eternal play with the wind, and to wonder it was never tired of the game. Very soon afterwards, however, the face of the ocean had so changed that no one would have known it to be the same. Its fringing foam was exchanged for an angry, roaring surge. A heavy gale had sprung up from N.N.W., and the Welsh Mountaineer was fairly put on her trial, and it must be recorded that for a time she behaved gallantly. I used to sit at the round-house door, looking at the mountain-range of water approaching, as if it must overwhelm us, and wonder how it was possible we could find a pass through its dense mass. Time after time, however, it seemed to open at our approach; and when it did not, it kindly took us on its crest, and sent us gliding on the other side. When I saw the ship standing steadily in dock beside its fellows, I used to think they must be rough waves, indeed, to hurt it; but now I could have no other thought than that the great waves only spared us because they liked a toy to play with.

One night, just after the gale had commenced, there was an unusual noise over my berth in the round-house—moving feet and loud voices, that could be plainly heard above my head, notwithstanding the roar of the wind and the rush of the water. I was too wakeful to sleep, yet too lazy to move; but I could gather from the prodigious rolling of the ship, and the strong blows that made every timber shiver, that the gale was raging terribly.

Dozing towards morning, I was suddenly awaked by a boisterous laugh, mingled with the strangest noise that I had yet heard in the cabin, the effect of which was not at all diminished by a queer sensation of being turned upside down. I looked out quickly, and found that the old sea herself had taken a peep into the cabin. It was rushing against open doors, floating chairs and tables, and soon began inconveniently meddling with portable articles in my cabin. Fortunately my berth was near the roof, so that I could watch its liberties without much personal inconvenience. I stretched my neck across the narrow space between my bed and the cabin door, and found that from stem to stern the sea covered the Welsh Mountaineer, and that she was fairly on her beam-ends. Two figures met my glance—there was Captain Gilbert, with a huge hatchet in his hand, breasting the waves with the chivalry of an old knight; and then there suddenly turned up the mate, who, having had lower quarters than myself, had been floated out of his bed in his sleep. This at once explained the loud laugh I had heard, and which at first seemed so strange. The expression on his face was ludicrous; for he was evidently not yet aware whether he was awake or dreaming. The captain continued his stern march though the waters, and in another moment the light timber of the bulwarks was giving way to his blows, and the water rushing out at the rent. Most fortunately, the hatchways were fastened down, and no wave broke over us in the interval, or our fate had been sealed.

The ship soon righted, and we were delivered from immediate peril; but it became evident that she had received a terrible strain, for the morning-watch reported that they could not keep the pumps free. She had formerly made very little water, twenty minutes morning and evening sufficing to keep her free. Every eye was watching the pumps, hoping with each discharge of water to hear them suck; but evening came, and no sign of abatement, but manifest increase. The captain and mate disappeared with a lantern down a hole in the after-cabin, and on their reappearance, the former taking me by the arm on the quarter-deck, said quietly: "You are not afraid of learning bad news; I cannot take her over; the Welsh Mountaineer must go down at sea." I have not before said that she was laden with railway iron; and I now learned that, when on her beam-ends, some unequal strain had forced a plank.

The gale continued with unabated fury, and it soon became evident that the crew would be quite unable to manage the ship and work the pumps. The next morning, all the male passengers assembled on the quarter-deck, and relays were formed to work with the watch. If the experience of the Welsh Mountaineer be that of all foundering ships, there was nothing of the terror and excitement of a ship breaking on an ice-mountain, or of one dashed upon a rock; it was more like the trench-work of a siege. As the second day wore on, and the light began to fade, and it became evident to all that the leak gained, a dead silence reigned over all the ship. I can see the group at the pump now; they all looked as if they were wondering what they could say to their wives and little ones when they went down the ladder. There was an old man, whose figure and visage had a solemn look in the dying day. His white hair blew in gusts over his face, like snow-drifts before the breath of the gale. He clutched the levers, as if he held himself upright with them, rather than rendered any help. Nor was it a seeming only, for while I was regarding him attentively, a "weather-roll" of the ship, and a heavy sea that swept the decks at the same time, carried him right off his legs to the break made in the bulwarks the day before. The splintered timbers gave way even to his feeble grasp, and he must have been lost but for the quick rush of the captain to his aid. Never shall I forget the night that succeeded. I was in no way terrified, yet sleep was out of the question at such a time. Although the storm had been raging for nearly three days, it was now at its height. I kept the deck throughout the night, moving about as much as the violent and eccentric movements of the ship would allow. The night was densely dark, and I could only just discern the "teeth of the sea" in the gloomy wilderness around us. The moon was in her first quarter, and appeared once or twice that night. It cast little light on us, but enough just to reveal great dark clouds hurrying through the heavens, as if on some work of death. The noise of the wind was deafening; I scarcely knew which was the loudest—the everlasting roar it made with the waves or its rushing through spars and sails and open places in the ship. Added to this, there was the constant motion of the pumps beating time to the rough music of the tempest, and the now plainly heard movement of the water in the hold, as it moved with the pitching of the vessel. When we first heard it, the sound was like that made by waves retiring from the narrow gullies of a rock; but as the night advanced, it grew deeper and more sonorous.

There were groups in earnest consultation on deck; and a little after midnight the captain lit his lamp in the round-house, and invited me in. He told me there was scarcely a chance of the ship keeping above water for twenty-four hours, and that he was sorry to say there were not enough boats to save the passengers, even if the weather were favorable, and that our only chance was to fall in with a vessel, which in that latitude was but a poor look-out. This was not pleasant news, considering that we were fully a thousand miles from any land. "Keep a brave heart, my boy," said the captain, "and if you go overboard, have a last blow for it," as we sat down on the lee-floor to a midnight meal of corned beef and coffee.

It may startle the reader if I say that it is worse to hear the recital of a scene like this than to be in it, yet my experience tells me it is so. There are resources at the actual time which we never dream of when in safety; how else can we account for the heroism with which such dangers are generally borne? There are stories of soldiers who have stood, as upon parade, in a sinking ship, and coolly fired their own death-knell as they went down. I can well imagine these recitals to be true, for that night, when death seemed to be near, the captain and myself talked of old adventures, and told quaint stories; and though it has often seemed strange to me since, there was nothing forced or unnatural in it at the time. My companion in the cabin kept up a brave heart, but lost her appetite. By the dim light of the cabin-lamp we conversed about old times, and told our histories to each other.

One wish with reference to our apparently inevitable fate we both uttered, and but one—it was, that we might go down in broad daylight. It was an odd desire; but perhaps the darkness of the sea made the shadow of the silent land weigh more heavily upon us.

The cold leaden gray of the next morning came at length. Did ever such a morning dawn in my short life? Far off, over the cold waste of waters, in the hazy light of half-past three on a June morning, better eyes than mine had spied *a sail*. My first notice of it was the rush of the mate into the cabin, who seized his glass with a convulsive grasp, and made for the top of the round-house. He said not a word until his well-trained eye was sure of the prize, and then, with a voice that rang wildly on the wind, cried out: "A sail—a sail to windward!" What a scene followed! The captain rushed from the round-house, the morning watch turned out from the fore-deck, and in a moment the hatchways, yet unopened, burst like a bomb-shell. Then poured forth from below every soul on board—man, woman and child. The scene that followed baffles description. Many for the first time understood the immediate danger that threatened the ship; the wild cry they had heard a moment before told it all. Every eye was turned towards the direction which the captain's glass now took, but scarcely one could discern the black speck only just visible to sea-eyes. From such a prospect, fewer still could realize the possibility of help. I turned from the sea to the shivering group upon the deck. All the pent-up excitement of the last three days burst forth in the ecstasies of despairing love. Mothers were embracing their little ones, and rougher hands than theirs were busy at gentle work.

As the morning wore on, and the light was stronger, it became evident that there were two vessels about eight or ten miles to windward, one considerably in advance of the other, but both some miles astern. As soon as it was of any use, we hoisted the signal of distress—the merchant ensign inverted—and, lest that should escape observation, we hauled up the sails so as to show that something was wrong. You may imagine the interest with which every one watched the progress of the nearest ship to see whether she would take any notice of us. For two long hours, every eye was fixed on her as she came steadily on, but without making any alteration in her course so as to reach us. For a long time, the stillness of death prevailed; but when she came fairly abreast of us at the distance of six or seven miles, and threatened to pass us without the slightest notice, cries hoarse with despair clove the wind. The cries were useless, for she was to windward. We had no powder on board to make any further signal; but there can be no possible doubt she saw us and knew our condition. She *did* pass us, and steered away. We found out the nation she belonged to; but it need not be mentioned here. Let her flag perish from our recollection; but let it be known she was *not English!*

With redoubled anxiety, we now turned to our second and last remaining hope. Another hour of weary watching, that seemed an eternity. Her course lay a little nearer to us than the first, so that we could see her more distinctly. For awhile, our signals seemed to promise no better success. At length the better eyes thought they could discern something black moving quickly up the head-mast; a moment more, and a red rag streamed on the wind. At this instant, the mate, who was standing on the bulwarks, looking intently through the glass, shook all over with violent emotion; the glass in his hand shared its convulsive movement, and a moment afterwards he sprang to the deck, and cried out, the "Union Jack!" O ye who think that flags and standards are but the baubles of the brave, think how ye wrong the language of the heart's true chivalry! If we had been nearer, we should have heard that an English voice had already given the command to "bout ship!" and have known surely that British hands handled the tackle. It was not long before she veered round, and the whole breadth of her canvass came to view. On she sped like an angel of mercy, with her wings spread to the favoring gale. I knew it was quite an hour before she could reach us, so I went straight into the cabin, and for the first time in two nights I slept soundly for just three-quarters of an hour. When I awoke, there was a stately ship just passing under our stern, and taking up her station about half a mile to leeward, to avoid collision in the heavy sea. Now came a fresh anxiety, for in the sea that was running no boat could come close alongside, and the captain very much feared that some lives might be lost in changing ships. It was yet tolerably early, and after a consultation through trumpets, it was deemed advisable to wait an hour or two. Towards afternoon, the wind happily lulled, and the sun shone out for the first time since our troubles commenced, though the sea was still heavy. But I will not enter into further detail; let it suffice to record, that the disembarkation was managed with consummate skill, and that, after four hours of hard work, every woman, child and man was safe on board the Lesmahagow, bound for St. John's, New Brunswick, without a child's finger being hurt. Often, when a boat-load started from the Welsh Mountaineer, we lost sight of them altogether in the trough of the sea; but as often we could hear the cheers of the sailors giving courage to their trembling cargo.

The rest of the voyage had nothing specially interesting. We made the first landmark at night: I shall not soon forget it. We were growing somewhat uneasy in the fogs and cross-currents of the Bay of Fundy; but in the night the fog cleared off, leaving a clear dark air. The 12 o'clock watch had hardly taken their station when the word was given, a "light on the starboard bows." It grew lighter as we neared it, and seemed to our grateful sight as if some spirit of mercy held out calmly its torch of light and love above a thousand storms that roared at its feet, an eternal welcome to poor tempest-driven wanderers.

Next morning I was awaked by a sound like the driving of a hundred hammers at the ship; I jumped out of my cabin in alarm; but a rough kind voice I had often heard before said: "The anchor, sir—the anchor." I dressed hastily, and going on deck, saw the city of St. John's lying in the light of a bright July morning. The angry waves had ceased, and broke in gentle ripples with a home-sound upon the vessel's side.

Our first business when on shore was to make public in the newspapers our grateful thanks to the two captains to whom, under Providence, we owed our lives. I know not what has become of either of them. I have not seen them since my return to England; but if this brief sketch should be seen by them, let it serve as assurance that the kindness of the captains and crews of both vessels will ever be held in remembrance by the living freight the old Lesmahagow bore into the harbor of St. John's.—*Chambers's Journal.*

TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of the street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the road no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold you all."

A. W. H.

THE OLDEST BIBLE IN THE COUNTRY.

From The Rochester Union.

WE have upon our table to-day a copy of the Sacred Scriptures, printed in the English language, which is said to be the oldest in this country. It was printed at Geneva, by John Crespin, in 1568. This remarkable book was, no doubt, when made, an excellent piece of mechanical work, so far as durability of material could go, and it has stood the test of time remarkably well. Generation after generation has consulted its pages for spiritual comfort, and upon its sacred "record" each has engraved the marks of its time; and still the most of the printing and writing is legible. The title-page of the Old Testament and the first eighteen chapters of Genesis are gone. The rest is quite perfect, and on the New Testament title-page we find the date of the work. We copy it verbatim, but we have not the ancient style of type upon which it was printed:

THE
NEWE TESTAMENT
OF OVR LORD
IESVS CHRIST,
conferred diligently with the Greke and best approued translations in diuers languages.
EXOD. XIII. VER. XIII.
Feare ye not, stand still, and beholde the salvation of the Lord, which he will showe to you this day.
THE LORD SHALL FIGHT FOR YOV,
therefore holde you your peace, Exod. 14, *vers* 14.
AT GENEVA.
PRINTED BY IOHN CRESPIN,
M D. LXVIII.

This copy of the Bible is now the property of C. C. Curtiss, a teacher in Professor Benedict's Academy, and it has been in his family and in the hands of his ancestors for nearly or quite two hundred and fifty years. The family record in this book is closely written with the names of the Curtiss family, and goes as far back as 1630, when the name was written *Turtis*. This volume has been sought for by different persons, who desired to purchase it at almost any price. In one instance a large sum was offered the father of the present possessor, but it could not be spared—it was not for sale.

Of the peculiarities of this volume, and the noticeable features, a great deal might be said, but we have not the time to go over it and do justice. The following brief sketch of the Bible in English has been prepared by a friend, and will assist the reader to understand the origin of the copy before us:

"The first printed Bible in our language was that translated by William Tindal, assisted by Miles Coverdale; printed abroad in 1526. (This was only the New Testament, however.) In 1532 Tindal and his associate finished the Old Testament, and both Old and New Testaments were printed abroad. While he was preparing a second edition, he was arrested and burnt for heresy in Flanders.

"The work was then carried on by Coverdale and John Rogers the Martyr. They translated the Apocraphy, and, adding prefaces and notes from Luther's Bible, dedicated the whole to Henry VIII. under the assumed name of Thomas Matthews, whence it is generally called Matthew's Bible. It was printed at Hamburg, and license obtained for publishing it in England, by the favor of Cranmer, Latimer and Shaxton. The first Bible printed by *authority* in England, and publicly set up in the churches, was this same Tindal's version, revised and compared with the Hebrew, and in many places amended by Miles Coverdale, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, and examined by Archbishop Cranmer, who added a preface to it, whence it was called Cranmer's Bible.

"It was printed by Grafton, and published in 1540; and by a royal proclamation every parish was obliged to set one of the copies in their church, under the penalty of forty shillings a month; yet two years after, the popish bishops obtained its suppression by the King. It was restored under Edward VI,; suppressed again by Queen Mary, and restored again in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, and a new edition of it given in 1562.

"Some English exiles at Gene